Week ending June 16 1945 THREEPENCE

# JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

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see Page Seven

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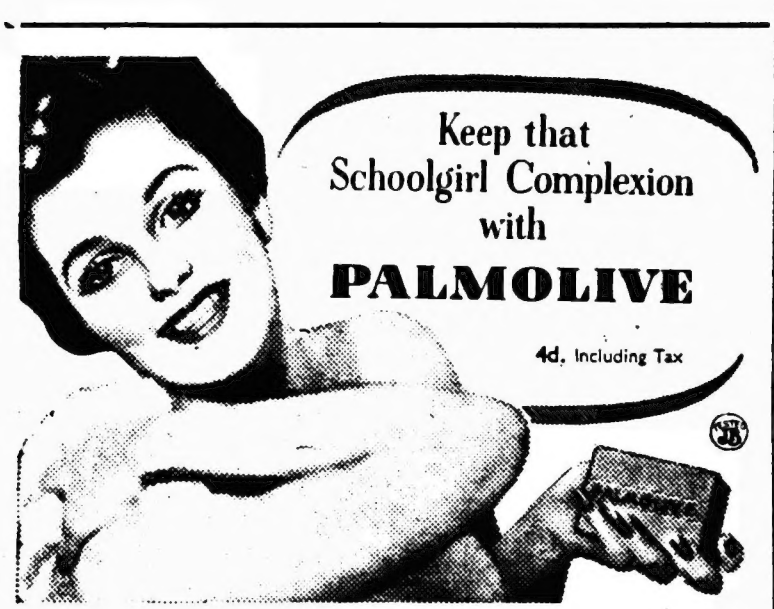




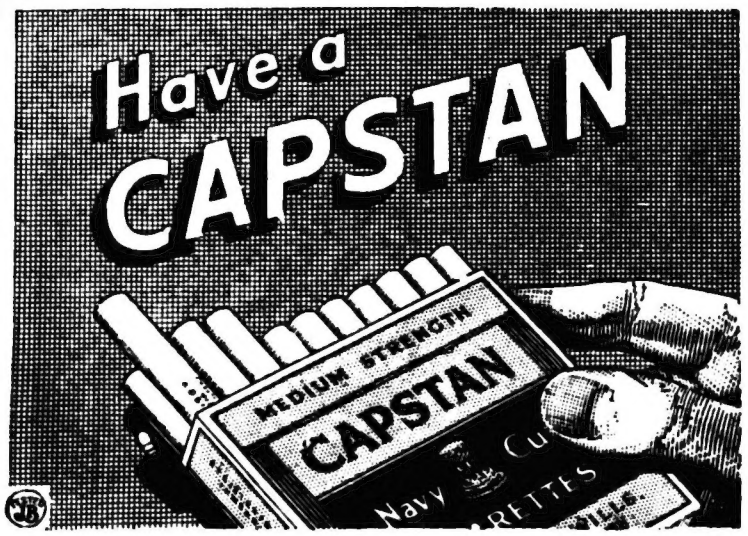


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Lemon Cream

*A delicious pudding recipe with dried eggs, that can be made in various ways*

Here is a splendid "key" recipe for a delightful sweet that can be made up in a variety of ways. It's made with eggs—dried eggs—so that it's nourishing too. The children will love it!

To make the Lemon Cream you need: *2 level tablesp. dried eggs (dry); 2 level tablesp. flour; 2 level tablesp. sugar; a pinch of salt; 1 pint of milk (or milk and water); a pinch of ground mace or nutmeg and grated rind of a lemon.*

Mix the dry ingredients and make a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Boil the remaining milk and pour over the mixture, stir, return to pan, stir until it boils and boil for five minutes. Add grated lemon rind and pour into individual dishes. (Sufficient for four.) Serve cold.

**Variations:** Omit lemon and use the custard for a trifle. To make a delicious Chocolate Cream add 4 level tablespoons cocoa and possibly a little more sugar to the dry ingredients and flavour with vanilla. Or you can use 1 pint of moderately strong coffee instead of milk for the Chocolate Cream. For a party sweet, make one half chocolate flavoured and the other half lemon, putting a layer of each into the glasses.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, W.1

D.E.27

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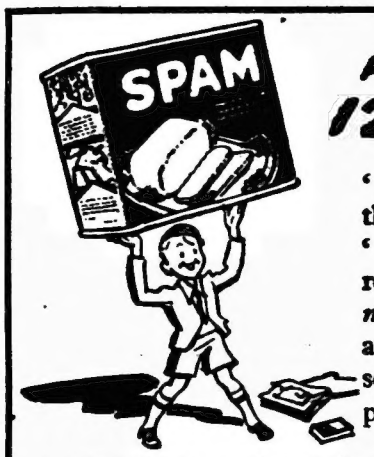
OVB-42



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BOURNVILLE COCOA



FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

POWDER

*Makes delicious creamy custard*



How to order enlargements

When ordering an enlargement from a snap you can often get a much better result if you only have part of the picture enlarged. In this way you can improve composition and exclude distracting objects (see diagram). Don't cut the negative — just show your dealer the part you want enlarged.

*'Kodak' Film is scarce because of war needs, so MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR*

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June 16 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2035 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

## Without Fear or Favour

# We Can't Afford To Be Ill

WHAT IS THE ordinary British citizen expected to do when he falls ill?

Both the voluntary hospitals and the municipal infirmaries are heavily overcrowded. Beds are often booked weeks ahead. Patients who need hospital treatment immediately cannot get in.

But they can usually get in at a nursing home.

There they will be charged anything from ten guineas a week upwards. Fifteen and sixteen guineas are common; thirty and even fifty not unknown.

Besides this, there will be heavy fees for consultants' services, and extra charges for any special treatment.

For a nursing home is strictly a money-making institution. It is there to provide a handsome income for its owners, and its owners are not infrequently the matron who runs it and the doctor who sends you there.

Undoubtedly many nursing homes are well run.

Unfortunately, some are not, and our Special Commissioner made it clear in a recent article that regulations governing their control need drastic overhauling.

The public has no protection against incompetent or fraudulent nursing homes. There is no system of Government inspection. Even the minimum requirements for registration are easily evaded.

THE BEST SOLUTION would be to take the whole business of nursing and looking after the sick—even when they're rich—out of the hands of private profit-makers. Put the entire hospital system of the country on a unified national basis, with no preferences for those who can pay high fees.

Failing that, there is an urgent need for establishing proper supervision over all private nursing homes.

Regular inspection would at least ensure that they were adequately equipped and adequately staffed.

And a detailed examination of accounts would show whether the profits being made were excessive, and who was making them.

*The Editor*

# WHAT WOMEN VOTERS THINK

**Housing First Favourite. Labour's Fighting General. Russia and the Far Eastern War. Towards Road Safety. First Class Again? Subsidising Disney**

CHURCHILL'S BROADCAST would have been effective in 1925, but cut no ice in 1945. Electors, especially women, take the contest seriously. Women are concerned with housing.

Women ask not only "How many houses?" but also "What sort of houses?"

Candidates will score if they can talk sense about the dark, poky dwellings building men thought good enough till a few years ago—brick boxes with a staircase dropped in, without cupboards, with shelves you couldn't reach, with shallow sinks.

### Mostly Men

Women candidates, of course, will talk the right stuff; but they are so few.

Even Labour has only about forty, though they include Mrs. Jean Mann, who knows all about housing; Dr. Summerskill, mother, medical practitioner and brains-truster; and Ellen Wilkinson, experienced Minister.

Youngest is Barbara Betts, journalist, who, in her early thirties, should have a safe seat at Blackburn for years.

### Likely Losers

Most of the Conservative women are fighting forlorn hopes: Lady Grant, for instance, at North Aberdeen, and the Manchester woman Councillor, Mrs. Beer, at Ardwick.

Even the sitting M.P.s have shaky seats. Lucky to get back will be Miss Horsbrugh at Dundee, Mrs. Cazalet Keir at East Islington, Miss Irene Ward at Wallsend, and Mrs. Tate at Frome.

Nor is Bristol Central safe for Lady Apsley, who, crippled in a hunting field accident, entered the House in a wheeled chair. Her recent suggestion that Hanover should revert to the British Crown took the prize for futility.

### Talent Handicapped

Frightful electoral handicaps confront talented Liberal women candidates.

Expert on foreign affairs and badly needed at Westminster is Miss Josephy; but at Devizes she has a three-cornered fight on difficult ground.

Assets to the House would be Lady Rhys Williams, who may pick up North Ilford; Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, up against it at Wells; and Miss Kitty Wintringham, Common Wealth nominee in North Midlothian.

### Elusive Peace

Housing is not the only topic for women, who form rather more than half the electorate of some 30,000,000. Food interests them, and can be linked in rural divisions with farming's future.

The Board of Trade has been getting 10,000 applications a day for utility furniture permits. Furniture is atrociously scarce, and candidates should insist on new houses having cupboards built in; also on furniture factories being high priorities for materials and men.

Peace likewise interests women, who don't like their boys going as soldiers. But it is surprising how few candidates can talk intelligently about security against aggression—they mostly get into a mire of detail. A good point is that Germany, where people believed in preparedness was beaten by leagued nations.

### Fighting Mac

SIR FRANK MASON MACFARLANE, the Lieutenant-General who is Labour's candidate in North Paddington against

**The few women candidates have mostly hard fights. Barbara Betts (left) is Labour's youngest, a journalist. Lady Apsley beat Jennie Lee at a war time by-election. Dr. Summerskill is mother and brains-truster as well**

Brendan Bracken, is a witty poet as well as a regular soldier.

The warnings he sent home from Berlin, where he was military attaché before the war, had little effect on the War Office and probably did him no good professionally.

He also sent messages home from Moscow as head of the 1941 Military Mission, praising the Red Army at a time when the London clubs rang with "the Germans will go through them like a knife through butter."

### Ready for Franco

From Moscow, Macfarlane went to Gibraltar as Governor and Commander-in-Chief—no sinecure at a time when no one knew what Franco was going to do.

If Spain had joined the Axis, the Rock—of which Mac strengthened immensely the underground defences—would have stood firm as it did in the eighteenth century.

He won the D.S.O. in the 1940 retreat to Dunkirk and—despite appearances to the contrary—may win North Paddington, whither many unattached London political workers will doubtless repair for the duration of the election.

### Radio Repercussions

SAMUEL'S WIRELESS SPEECH—nineteen-twentieths anti-Tory and not more than one-twentieth anti-Labour—meant Liberal votes for Labour candidates with no Liberal in the field.

Conservative listeners realised, too late, that their Party was in a minority of one to two on the air.

They may, however, laugh last. If Churchill's final radio speech be made from the overseas meeting place of the Big Three, the effect will be to generate much sympathy for an old but active man.

### The Food Front

NEW AND HIGHER targets for British food production to 1947 quite properly entail a change of emphasis from cereals to livestock. Wheat already gluts many British farms, to the benefit of rats and mice. World supplies are ample.

But meat and dairy produce are in short supply, and the Western European nations attending the food conference here this week will be urged to step up their targets, too.

Most British homes are short of milk, and housewives will be glad of the contemplated thirteen per cent. increase in milk output.

### Swift Strang

SIR WILLIAM STRANG, Montgomery's Political Adviser in Britain's German zone, accomplished the miracle of rising in the Foreign Office without having been to Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge.

Scholarships were the ladder on which this farmer's son climbed from a Council school to the Sorbonne in Paris. Having no "public school manner," he gets on with people like Molotov.

He does everything fast—thinking, speaking, writing, even walking.

### Many Tongues

Strang, who thinks German easy, speaks Russian and even Serbian. His combination with Montgomery should work out well.

Look for returns, also, from the unadvertised Strang-Gusev efforts to get a workable Polish settlement.

### Stalin's Ambassador

Fyodor Gusev, Soviet Ambassador here, is not yet forty, has had only six years' diplomatic experience (including a spell in Canada) and has not yet mastered English, though he no longer uses an interpreter.

He believes passionately that Britain and Russia must work together in peace as in war.

But life will be hard for him if our General Election confirms in power the "Caretaker" Government, with Ministers

**"A REAL LIFE-SAVER"**

is how Mr. C. B. Elwin of Wolverhampton, in acknowledging cheque, described JOHN BULL'S Insurance.

**JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.**

like Lord Dunglass, Eden's second at the Foreign Office, whose outburst over Poland in the House of Commons last February is still fresh in the public memory.

### German Chaos

Yet prospects of Anglo-Soviet harmony in Europe are brighter now that, thanks to Truman's energetic intervention, the Allied Control Council is functioning—as JOHN BULL has been urging—not merely in watertight zones but "jointly in matters affecting Germany as a whole."

Eisenhower, Montgomery, Zukhov and de Lattre de Tassigny—the competent French General who was always anti-Vichy—are to co-operate in a uniform policy, while each running his own zone.

The hitch that arose over the delineation of the zone boundaries was another legacy of the neglect of the Big Three at Teheran and Yalta to plan for peace as well as war.

From the same cause arises the fact that the emphasis of the Control has so far been on dismantling Germany's arms industry rather than on organising the German output of peace needs, without which Europe's standard of living must fall.

### Nazi Malignants

SABOTAGE is rearing its head in Germany. Transport is impeded, confusion appears to have been created deliberately, delays in the execution of Allied orders are reported.

Allied crime experts are tracing the perpetrators—after all, only a few of the five million Nazi Party members are under lock and key.

Don't take for granted continued German docility under Allied occupation!

### Catholic Leader

But non-Nazi Germans are emerging with whom the Allies can deal, among them Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, who never even remotely helped the Nazis.

His was the inspiration of the recent Papal broadcast condemning Nazism.

Some observers think he may play in Germany the rôle enacted in Greece by Archbishop Damaskinos.

### Orient Rumbles

MOSCOW VISIT of T. V. Soong, Chinese Prime Minister, who succeeded Chiang Kai-shek at Chungking, is the prelude to the next meeting of the Big Three. Churchill, Stalin and Truman have their eyes on the Far East.

Soong is a banker who at Washington recently is understood to have arranged for American capital to develop post-war China's industry. His Moscow task is to reconcile Russian and American views.

Stalin favours Yenan—the North China Communist Government—while Washington prefers the Chungking set-up of Chiang and Soong in the south. Stalin wants the two to work together before he moves against Japan: but Washington fears the effect of Communist influence on American investment prospects in the Far East.

### Booty from Japan

Stalin thinks that Korea and Manchuria, once wrested back from Japan, should become independent States having close relations with the Yenan Communists.

Washington—or, rather, Wall Street—would prefer them to revert to China, from whom Japan stole them. But the Americans might make concessions to Stalin as the price of Russia's entering the war against Japan.

### Jap Troops Move

THE JAPANESE, fearing the outcome of these talks, are moving reinforcements into Manchuria, on the frontier of which stands the powerful and self-contained Soviet Army of the Orient.

Meanwhile, the Americans have made decisive their occupation of Okinawa, the sizeable island a few hundred miles from the Jap mainland.

Its airfields are being swiftly developed. Soon Nakagusuku Bay will have been adapted to accommodate a formidable American fleet. The remaining Japs holding out at the north and south extremities can do nothing to stop these preparations for a great assault on Japan itself.

### Clearing Up

WHILE WAR in the Orient sizzles up to its furious climax, peace in the Occident lays a healing hand on the scars that remain.

Council for the Preservation of Rural England is listing the work needed to be done to restore our countryside's comely appearance.

America, whose troops necessarily contributed to the disfigurement, is taking a generous view of the matter, and Lend-Lease is to be invoked.

### Ocean Dump

High explosive and gas bombs alike, hundreds of thousands of them not needed against Japan, have to be got rid of by the R.A.F.

The gas bombs are stored underground, the others piled alongside the runways of aerodromes now disused.

Can anyone think of a better way to deal with these grim left overs than to fly them hundreds of miles out to sea for dumping into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean?

## HOW LONG?

**THE Scottish lady who writes to ask us if we consider the old age pension adequate cannot have been a JOHN BULL reader for very long. Our answer, briefly, is: "No, madam; we consider it scandalously paltry."**

**There are now nearly four million old age pensioners, including 450,000 women over sixty pensioned as widows. No fewer than 1,590,000 have braved a means test to obtain a supplementary pension.**

**But what of the great numbers of proud old folk who, shrinking from official inquisition, try to exist on the bare 10s. a week?**

**Their plight will be discussed in a big way next Tuesday when the National Federation of Old Age Pensions Associations goes into conference.**

**THE Government's Social Security proposals for the aged are more generous than those of the Beveridge Scheme. They comprise £1 a week retirement pension for a single person, 35s. for a married couple, to be paid to men at 65 and working women at 60.**

**But—what a "but"! No date has been mentioned for operating the scheme. It might be a dozen years hence. Government candidates should be questioned on this point.**

**THE present 10s. rate is the same as in 1919, though the cost of living has probably doubled in that period. It isn't a high reward, as Tim indicates in the cartoon on this page, for a lifetime of toil and service for the State.**

### Toll of the Roads

ROAD DEATHS averaged twenty a day in Britain during the European War period, totalling 42,556, of whom 7,148 were children.

With basic petrol back, now is the time for a terrific publicity drive by the Ministry of War Transport and the Ministry of Education.

Motoring schools should be equipped with driving seats installed in front of cinema screens depicting every imaginable cause of accident.

### Holidays, 1946

SUMMER HOLIDAYS this year will be a case of each for himself and the devil take the hindmost—with the lucky ones paying through the nose for indifferent board and lodging.

Next year's accommodation should be planned now. Unwanted military camps could be turned over to the Ministry of Education for adapting as youth centres; and the seaside authorities could be organising a chain of family hostels for folks of modest means who have children.

### One-Class Trains

THE PUBLIC HOPES the Southern Railway's drive against third-class ticket-holders in first-class carriages is not the prelude to a come-back of "firsts" on the electrified suburban lines, which have managed comfortably without them for four years.

One-class trains spare strap-hangers the sight of half-empty compartments.

### Wasted Buses

FARMERS COMPLAIN (fancy that, now!) that three men idle all day while German prisoner gangs work: guard, German N.C.O. and British 'bus-driver.

Let the 'bus leave the party at the farm and return for them at night, itself meanwhile strengthening depleted rural 'bus services.

### With Flowers

DUTCH NAVAL MEN, to requite British war time hospitality, will henceforth in perpetuity provide Spring flowers from Holland for the gardens of Royal Naval colleges and barracks.

Beneficiaries of this most delightful gesture will be Dartmouth, Greenwich, Devonport, Portsmouth and Chatham.

### Trade Follows Films

TRADE NOWADAYS follows not the flag but the film, and most people understand that Washington, out to smooth the overseas path for American business, uses Hollywood for all it is worth.

But it comes as a shock to learn that Walt Disney, making animated cartoons for South American consumption, had to be guaranteed against financial loss!

This went on for two years, until it was found that no subsidy was needed because the films paid for themselves.

### Pros Lament

TOMMY LAWTON, Everton and England centre-forward, speaks up for soccer pros whose talent is exploited in charity's name.

To play nine games in a tour of fourteen days is to be overworked. These men get precious little out of it anyhow.

### Think First

INTELLIGENT PLANNING by architects who take the trouble to study housewives' needs can provide homes that are more convenient without necessarily being more costly.

If you doubt this, visit the *Daily Herald* Post-War Homes Exhibition, open to the public for 6d. at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, from next Thursday.

### Tailpiece

RETURNED EVACUEE child sees his first street lamp lit up: "Coo! I bet it takes more than a Number Eight battery to light that."

**A. G. GARDINER says**

# DON'T UNDERESTIMATE JAPAN

**Two Axis partners out; one more to go! Though Japan's defeat is assured, it would be folly to underestimate the magnitude of the task. A.G.G. brings this far-away war into perspective**

THE WESTERN WAR IS WON—Mussolini and Hitler are only evil memories. Of the Axis, Japan alone remains. How long can she hold out?

Perhaps the question should rather be, How long *will* she hold out? For the answer depends more upon her reaction to events than upon the military facts themselves.

She knows that the war is lost—lost beyond any conceivable miracle of recovery. She entered it, like Mussolini, when she believed that Hitler was invincible, and that the Axis had the world at its feet.

Germany was master of the Atlantic world. The hour had come for Japan to seize the empire of the Pacific world. To wait longer was to risk leaving Germany in possession of the globe. So she gambled everything on the throw.

### Supreme Delaying Action

Now she stands alone, with the astounding ruin of Germany foreshadowing the doom that awaits her. Will she prolong the struggle or will she bow to the inexorable facts?

The force of those facts cannot be exaggerated. When Japan came into the war, the Allies wisely decided to make the destruction of Germany the first and imperative task.

The main burden of the Pacific war was left to America, with the help of our own Fourteenth Army in Burma. It was essentially a delaying action, intended to hold the enemy at bay until Germany was "put to sleep."

Even so, it achieved marvels. After the first treacherous rush, the rot was stopped. First in the Coral Sea and off Midway Island, then in the Burma jungle, the tide of battle turned.

Supremacy in the air was won. Supremacy at sea was won. In Burma, supremacy on land was won.

Islands were seized. Air bases were captured. The Burma Road was reopened.

And across the vast spaces of the Pacific the Allied forces crept nearer and nearer to Japan, until the bombardment of her industrial centres was nearly as devastating as that of Germany.

### Swept from the Sea and Sky

All this was accomplished while the major operation in Europe was gathering momentum. And all this was only preparatory to the avalanche that would come when the Allies were free to concentrate all their resources on the one remaining target.

That concentration is now in progress. The gigantic forces already assembled in the Pacific are being reinforced by the armies and fleets now released from the European theatre of war.

The British Navy is there. The British air fleets are there. The American armies are being doubled in strength. Along the Burma Road mighty convoys of munitions are thundering along for the equipment of vast Chinese armies.

Japan is an island power, and lives or

perishes by her control of the sea. That control has been snatched from her.

We have penetrated to the inner defences of the Sea of Japan. We straddle across Japan's communications to the East Indies. Our air bases in the Philippines, at Okinawa and the Bonins, bring the China coast, Formosa, and all the scattered fragments of Japan's empire under attack.

She occupies multitudes of islands that she can no longer supply, or can only supply at the risk of enormous losses to her mercantile marine.

And it is not only her islands that are being isolated. Japan herself is under siege.

Her cities are being wiped out as systematically as those of Germany were wiped out in the months that preceded her final collapse. We are told that Japan's aircraft production is still equal to her losses. That may have been true a year ago. It is nonsense to-day.

The same sort of nonsense was said and believed about Germany at a time when the Luftwaffe had practically disappeared.

If one thing is clear from the experiences of Germany, it is that when the productive power of a great city like Essen or Cologne, is destroyed, you cannot replace it by panic production in remote holes and corners.

The plain fact is that both in the sky and on the sea Japan has been obliterated. Her suicide squads are only an expression of despair.

And there are other factors in the formidable reckoning. The intentions of Russia are always obscure. But this is her war as much as ours or America's, and, having denounced her treaty with Japan, we may assume that she will, at the moment suitable to herself, take a hand in it. In any case, she is as obscure to Japan as to us, and far more of an anxiety.

The Chinese factor is much less equivocal. We have all been disappointed at the part which China has played in the war so far, especially in view of her heroism when she faced Japan alone.

Partly it has been due to the closure of the Burma Road and the consequent famine of munitions. And partly it is owing to Chiang's hostile attitude to the Communists of the North.

But both these causes are at an end. Munitions are now flowing into China with visible results on the course of the war, and Chiang's appointment of Mr. Soong as Prime Minister should mean the healing of all internal divisions in China's resistance.

It will be surprising if Japan does not experience some very hard knocks on the mainland.

### Reserves of Fighting Fanatics

There is, of course, another side to the reckoning. Japan has still vast reserves of man-power. Apart from the Burma campaign her losses in men have been negligible. It is her losses in material and strategic disposition that are weaving her doom.

And not only has she abundance of human material: it is material inspired by a crazy and fanatical faith that seems to welcome death. The proportion of prisoners taken to men killed is still almost incredibly small. They die, but they don't surrender.

Next, nearly all the coast of China and all its strategic points are in the hands of the Japs. So also are Indo-China, Siam and Malay. So also are the enormously rich East Indian islands—Sumatra, Java, Borneo.

What, in view of all this, is the answer to the questions with which I started? It is, I think, that, given the will, Japan *can* hold out beyond this year and far into the next. She has no public opinion to consult. Human life is cheap and disregarded.

And we have seen in the case of Germany how incapable a devastated people is to organise resistance and overthrow a nest of gangsters who hold the gun.

### The War Party Loses Ground

But whether Japan *will* hold out is another matter. Though the people do not count, there are powerful influences that do.

Big Business is a tremendous power in Japan. It is hostile to the militarists and with the awful example of Germany before it will strive to avert a similar fate, and to save something from the wreck while there is something to save.

Moreover, government in Japan is fluid. The Nazi gangsters held together until everything had gone and Germany was rubble.

But in Japan there have been frequent crises. Governments have fallen and each time the extreme militarists have lost ground.

With the hopelessness of the position and the development of the ruthless attack on Japan itself a bid for peace is to be expected. "Unconditional surrender" will be the answer, and my own guess is that it will be accepted.

# OPEN LETTERS

Lord Porter defends the individual

## Lord Porter,

### Lord of Appeal in Ordinary

MY LORD,—Congratulations on the splendid report you and your committee have presented to the recent International Law Conference in London on that most urgent and delicate problem, the protection of the individual citizen against abuses of State power.

We are proud that it has been a committee of British lawyers, presided over by a British judge, which has told the world in no uncertain terms that it is not a matter of indifference to the international community how an individual is treated by his own Government. It has taken us a long time to learn that oppression *within* national borders is usually a prelude to aggression *without*. It is good to know that the lesson of Buchenwald and Belsen has been well learned.

How right you are when you say that, before peace can be permanently assured in the world, we shall have to frame an International Charter of the Rights of Man. And how right you are when you add that the world cannot wait while such a Code of Liberties is negotiated at the usual comfortable pace. We are heartily with you when you urge that an international organisation be set up without delay.

Such a tribunal—to which citizens of all countries may appeal against the abuses of State power—can go a long way towards making the world a better place. Wherever there may be denial of the citizen's right to life and liberty, wherever there may be arbitrary imprisonment and punishment without trial, the breaking up of families, the corruption of the minds of the young, the abolition of free speech and discussion, wherever essential freedoms may be denied to members of racial, religious or political minorities, we want the ruthless and *prompt* disclosure of the facts. Your report has pointed the way. The people of Britain are behind you.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. A. A. Garrard,

### President, National Association of Local Government Officers

DEAR SIR,—Nalgo has done well to meet with constructive proposals the Press campaign—in which I have taken a full share—against secrecy in local affairs.

Your Reconstruction Committee proposes a two-way public relations policy aimed not only at telling the public what a council is doing, but also at telling the councillors what the public wants.

Your proposed local public relations officer, with his committee of councillors and citizens (including the local editors) would soon put an end to complaints that Press reports of civic affairs are either inadequate or distorted.

The matter is important because the smaller the governing unit the more real the democracy. No M.P. can be known personally to every one of his 50,000 voters; but if Parish Councillor Robinson goes off the rails, every villager is soon talking about it.

So the more light on public affairs, the remoter the peril of our elective bodies ever making way for Gauleiters.—JOHN BULL.

## Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P.,

### Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR MISS HORSBRUGH,—The Mansion House magistrate has joined the critics of your Ministry's odious practice of using *agents provocateurs*, officials who try to incite someone to break the law deliberately so that the Ministry may bring an action against that person.

It is less than a year since the Recorder of Carlisle said of a similar case: "The community will regret that the Ministry of Food should be exercised on what a number of people will regard as obnoxious activities."

It isn't as if such methods were essential. Success has attended the work of ex-Superintendent George Yandell as Chief Enforcement Officer at the Board of Trade; yet when he went there he expressly barred persuasion or provocation on the part of his officers.

Why not take on an experienced investigator of Mr. Yandell's calibre?—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. James Bleakley,

### President, National Chamber of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Doesn't your rhetoric approach the borderline of unfair controversy?

You declaimed at Blackpool: "What has control brought us? It has denuded shops of essential clothing, household textiles and other necessaries."

Control did denude shops of civilian needs because, on the principle of "first things first," it diverted man-power and materials to munition production. Civilians went without, so that the Forces might be equipped.

The public will deride your attempt to blame control for empty shops. People know that the same control which emptied the shops can fill them by reversing the priorities.

Your Chamber called for the taxation at source of interest on Co-operative members' share capital. This would put hundreds of thousands of very poor people, normally below the income-tax limit, to the trouble of claiming their refund. Rather mean, don't you think?—JOHN BULL.

## Human Machine

## BE PATIENT

THE OLD ROMANS (who knew a lot about people) had a saying: "Quot homines tot sententiæ"—There are as many opinions as there are men.

You have only to look round Europe to-day to realise how very true, how dangerously true, that is. And it shouldn't take a lot of thought to reach the conclusion that about the most desirable trait anyone can display is patience and forbearance with others.

It is never the least use in human relations to jump to hasty conclusions. Somewhere round about 1911 this country found itself in a state of considerable tension with France. The French Foreign Office had, it seemed, "demanded" that Britain did something or other.

But, fortunately, someone at this end had a little patience and a little realisation that there were many points of view in the world. Inquiries were made.

France, it transpired, had not "demanded" anything. A clerk in the British Foreign Office had translated the French word "demandons" as "demand," whereas it only means "ask." And so trouble was averted.

There is really a big moral for us all in this little story. Never trust appearances. Never take anything second-hand. Never think you know what the other fellow means until you have really made an effort to find out and understand his point of view.

It only needs patience and a willingness to understand. But so many people don't seem to understand that the operative word is "willingness"!

## Argument

### A "Scottish Nationalist" recently won Motherwell from Labour, but—

## ARE NATIONALIST CANDIDATES ANY USE?

### Yes

1. The Scots and Welsh, like the Irish, are vigorous, independent races. Nationality remains a very real force.

2. When a rich country, like England, is linked with poorer areas, it tends to milk them, whether intentionally or not. This tendency only a healthy nationalism can check.

3. Districts far from the capital, and out of touch with it mentally, are always neglected. If Edinburgh and Carnarvon became real capitals it would benefit Scotland and Wales.

4. The cosmopolitan is never a good citizen. Stalin is quoted as saying: Only a good nationalist can become a good internationalist.

5. National cultures are the source of all greatness.

6. Only nationalist politics, by offering a focus for the best brains, can prevent the steady drift Londonwards of national talent.

7. Nationalist Parties, unlike Toryism and Socialism, are never class Parties. Their creed promotes true unity.

### No

1. To-day we think of "The United States of Europe" or even of "One World." To erect national barriers in the small British Isles is absurd.

2. Welshmen and Scotsmen are found in all key positions. Lloyd George and MacDonald were Prime Ministers. Is it likely that such men neglect the countries of their birth?

3. Suppose the English started a "nationalist" Party to turn out "foreigners" from over the Border?

4. Why stop at nationalism? Why not have Highland versus Lowland Parties, or rally the North of England against the South?

5. Finance-capital is international. Those who oppose it must think internationally.

6. At a time of national decision, freak candidates who raise side issues are a danger.

7. Nationalist candidates are of two kinds—the unpractical romantic with his heart in the past, or the shrewd schemer, who uses a nationalist platform to hide his real purpose.

JOHN BULL answers questions put by a returned soldier who said

# "I WANT A HOUSE!"

TWO WEEKS AGO Driver Little, of Deptford, was invalided out of the Army after four years' service. He wants a house.

His wife and two children were evacuated to Inverness a year ago after their London home had been damaged by one of the first fly-bombs. Driver Little wants to bring them back to London to resume his normal civilian life.

But he can't bring them back to London, and he can't start his life again, because he can't find a house.

Nine months ago Mrs. Little put her name down for a "Portal" bungalow. So the other day Driver Little went to the Deptford Borough Housing Officer to ask when they would be likely to get it.

The Housing Officer couldn't tell him.

"You'll have to take your turn," was all he could say. "There's far too many waiting as it is."

So Driver Little set out to try to find a house himself. He has done nothing else since then but house-hunt, all day and every day.

He is no nearer finding a house than when he started.

Now he has begun asking pretty straight questions.

A JOHN BULL investigator has done his best to find out the answers for him.

### 1. WHY CAN'T I FIND A HOUSE?

Well, the answer to your first question, Mr. Little, is fairly plain sailing, however difficult the rest may be. We had none too many houses in this country when the war started. All civilian building stopped almost immediately, so that even if nothing else had happened we should have been short.

We used to build about 300,000 houses a year, but 70,000 of those were slum clearance, and about 80,000 houses went out of use each year through old age. So the net housing increase worked out at about 150,000 a year, which means that our five years' arrears total about 750,000.

Add to this total the blitz damage—close on half a million houses as near wiped-out as makes no matter, and make allowance for requisitioning, a rising birth rate, and an influx of refugees.

What does it all add up to? Briefly this: that if we could build about 1,500,000 houses overnight, then to-morrow every family in the country would have at least some sort of workable accommodation, say two unfurnished rooms, with kitchen and usual offices. Nothing princely, but at least a home of their own.

But all these figures omit one serious point—that in pre-war days about a million houses were condemned as unfit for human habitation. Manchester, for instance, with a better housing record than most, had 63,000.

So to get anything like reasonable housing in Britain *two and a half million houses are needed.* You could double the figure and still be short of the ideal.

A tough proposition? Yes, I grant you. But Hitler must take a good deal of the blame. I know you're sore, but be fair.

### 2. WHAT'S BEEN DONE ABOUT HOUSING?

To be frank, nothing very much. The original plan for temporary steel houses ("Portals"), which Mr. Churchill went to town about in his speech in March, 1944, didn't get very far. His facts turned out to be wrong. Mr. Duncan Sandys (his son-in-law) found out that the steel buildings would cost far more than the £600 apiece his experts first estimated; that the transport for moving the steel to the sites would be a headache (that's putting it mildly); and that, anyway, there wasn't the machinery to cut the steel.

Still, 145,000 temporary houses have been ordered (30,000 of them are for Scotland), and they're now coming off the production lines at 350 a week. Six months from now that figure may be up to 800. Mr. Duncan Sandys has said that sufficient housing sites for a full two-year programme have been acquired, but many of the local authorities are still complaining that land is hard to get.

As for permanent brick and mortar houses, the Government promised 300,000 "built or building" within two years of peace in Europe. In the opinion of one expert: "They must believe in miracles."

The Government White Paper speaks of a building force of 1,125,000 men, but we shan't reach that figure for four or five years, and, anyway, it's only 150,000 above pre-war. The present building force is only 370,000 men—of whom not more than 120,000 can be employed on brick and mortar building.

Sorry, son; but you asked for the facts.

### 3. COULD MORE HAVE BEEN DONE?

Yes, I think it could. This housing shortage wasn't a sudden crisis; we'd seen it coming for years. The war certainly made actual building impossible; but research could have been put in hand. And the figures could have been got ready and the layouts made. Local authorities could have been given proper power to plan ahead.

As for the steel houses muddle, there can be no excuse whatever for that. It was just a matter of simple adding up. People who get big salaries ought to be able to add up? Agreed. Someone trying to put over a fast one, and poor old Churchill fell for it? You're getting warmer, Mr. Little. Let's leave it at that.

### 4. WHY WASN'T MORE DONE?

Hard to say. The chief reason was the determination of the Tories in the Government that no "planning nonsense" should be started till the war was over. They were afraid that they might find when peace came that public enterprise was so firmly in the saddle that private enterprise couldn't get a look in. That would have meant that so far as they were concerned the war had been fought in vain. In private they used to say so.

### 5. WHAT'S HOLDING THINGS UP NOW?

Well, apart from labour shortage, there's a brick famine. It takes 20,000 bricks to make a house. We used to manufacture about 8,000 million bricks a year. We shan't reach that level of output for about fifteen months at least, and then only half of it may be available for housing—there's a lot else to be done. Timber's short, too. That's largely a matter of shipping.

Then there's the unions. They are, very naturally, suspicious—think their standards are threatened. So they haven't been too keen on some of the proposals. And there's a difference of opinion between the engineering and building unions concerning new methods. Very natural, under Capitalism.

Land is probably the worst tangle. There's been a lot of speculative buying during the war. The local authorities, and even the Ministries, don't seem sure of their powers, and the speculators tie things up in legal tangles whenever possible to evade control.

Price rings? Oh, you've heard of them, Mr. Little? Well, Sir George Burt said not long ago there was no single item in house building not the subject of a price ring. There are 600 trade associations involved.

Driver Little of Deptford, London, went house-hunting

Cartels? You've been listening to wicked agitators, Driver. Still, you'd be surprised how the Steel Ring keeps on cropping up in the story. They are interested in one thing—keeping up the price of steel.

The beauty of the steel house in their eyes was not that it might solve the problem of the house-hunter, but that it might solve the problems of the Steel Kings.

You can see their point of view?

### 6. WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE, THEN?

Five things.

Name them? All right, here goes. We ought to:

*One.* Take a rapid housing census to find out our exact needs.

*Two.* Speed up intensive research on *all* prefabrication methods.

*Three.* Put the Uthwatt Land Report proposals into action and give the local authorities full power to take the land they need.

*Four.* Speed up production of two-storey temporary houses on properly prepared sites, so that when the houses come down the sites will be ready for permanent dwellings. And get all the builders back from the Forces, expand our bricks and mortar building on sound yet rapid lines, making use of all possible technical advances, *without using them to bring down the building workers' standards of living.*

*Five.* Break the power of the price rings by drastic use of a Housing Materials Purchasing Board—as suggested by Sir Ernest Simon.

### 7. WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT NOW?

Just one thing, Driver Little. Listen to what the Parties have to say and give your vote to whichever one of them comes nearest to the five housing points JOHN BULL's just outlined for you.

Well, good luck to you. We've got a feeling the way things are moving you may have that house of yours sooner than you've feared.

Good luck, Driver. You asked straight questions, we've done our best to dig out the answers.

You'd sooner we were digging out the foundations for that house of yours?

Well, Driver, in a sense I think we are.

## Inside Germany To-Day

# What the Germans are Thinking

**Dazed and bomb-shocked in the blitzed towns of Germany the people cling to the Hitler legend to bolster up their self-esteem. Fear makes them docile and obedient to the Military Government — but how long will this attitude last if the British authorities persist in their policy of non-fraternisation and talk of starving the Germans under their control ?—asks War Correspondent**

**VICTOR THOMPSON**

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS you notice about the Germans in the British occupation zone is their docility. They are docile to the point of servility.

Only a few youngsters—mostly Hitler Youth products in their black shirts and caps—retain any defiance in their eyes.

There was the young girl who rushed at us in Osnabruck screaming "Heil Hitler!" and no doubt hoping for a martyr's death. There were the young marines in that last scene at Flensburg who went into captivity impudently whistling, "We are Marching Against England."

Probably there would be more of that kind of thing in Germany to-day if most of the fanatics and thugs of the Nazi system had not been killed or captured with their S.S. and para-troop formations in the past few months.

Those who are still at large are on the run and have no time for much mischief. They are being rounded up steadily with fleeing officials of the Nazi Party.

### Glad of British Protection

Most of the German people are glad to see them go. They were the men through whom Himmler clamped the Nazi rule on the country and stamped out any trace of opposition.

For twelve years the ordinary German people have been afraid of them. Now that they are gone the Germans are still afraid.

They are afraid of the liberated slave workers. Most of these are now in camps waiting to be sent home. Some have already left. But some are on the roads, tramping back on their own, living off the country.

They are bitter men with revenge in their hearts. The Germans say quite openly that they like to have the British around for the time being as a protection against the slave workers' vengeance.

But that does not mean that they are not afraid of the British. They are afraid of the future and what we may do to them. They are afraid of hunger. They are afraid of punishment.

Of course, it would be wrong to suggest that the whole nation is broken and gloomy, unsmiling and hang-dog, living a wretched existence among ruins. I have seen some people like that in the bombed towns—Hanover, Osnabruck, Bremen and Hamburg.

### Hitler is Still a Great Man

But I have seen numbers of others gossiping animatedly in their food queues, laughing heartily in their gardens. Many of them are fat and well-dressed. Many of them had a softer time than the people of Britain.

Girls bathe on the beaches of the Elbe and giggle at the backs of non-fraternising British soldiers. Sweethearts walk and whisper happily in the woods. The scene, in the Spring sunshine, is sometimes almost gay—on the surface.

It is only when you see the look of fear with which they answer a knock on the door, or talk to them about the future, or question them about things like horror camps, that you get below that surface and glimpse some of the thoughts in their minds.

Those thoughts are still muddled, still distorted, still warped by the Hitler legend. I have spoken to scores of Germans in the last two months and only one of them had any harsh words to say about Hitler. He, incidentally, was the only member of any German underground movement I have ever found.

The rest may have plenty to say about the advisers who "betrayed" Hitler. They may tell long and bitter stories of graft and corruption among the Nazi bosses in their own district. But they still insist that Hitler himself was a great and good leader. "He did so much for Germany."

You can point to their smashed cities and say, "Yes, he did *that* for Germany." You can indicate the vast prison cages full of field-grey and say, "He did *that* to the Wehrmacht." They just look at you as if you could never understand. I have seen the same look on the faces of children when I have intruded on their make-believe.

They do not feel any special guilt for the evils done in their name, even though our newspapers, pamphlets, radio programmes and films are trying to bring the truth home to them. They are amoral by our standards, and they do not seem to think logically at all.

They are hurt by the non-fraternisation order. They feel it as a blow to their pride; but they cannot easily understand why it has been enforced.

### Getting Down to Work

They themselves are prepared to do what we tell them, to obey orders and be helpful—even friendly. Why should we go out of our way to be unpleasant?

Of course some of their present docility may be inspired by conscious or subconscious attempts to manufacture sympathy—to make us believe that Germans are good fellows really and as much the victims of war as we are.

But I think that they are still too bomb-shocked and dazed by defeat for such subtlety. At the moment they are thinking only of their immediate fears and trying, for the sake of their own self-esteem, to separate Hitler's memory from the chaos he caused.

They are also getting down to work. In the country districts—and most of the British area is rural—everybody is toiling the full length of daylight hours to make sure that the fields produce a maximum harvest.

### Fear and Bewilderment

Women, children and old men are all bent over the earth, and some of the women are yoked to ploughs. The slave workers who sowed the crops are gone: the men of the Wehrmacht, who are to reap them, have not yet come back to the countryside.

But the crops are needed, or the Germans will starve this winter. As it is they will be hungry, and they know it. Already we have reduced their rations to 1,500 calories a day, and every German fears there is worse to come.

So they are eagerly helping us to rebuild blown bridges—to restart transport and electricity, to open processing factories—to do everything that can be done to make the machinery of distribution work again.

Fear and bewilderment are undoubtedly at the basis of the German attitude to-day. Fear

## What the British Soldier is T

THERE IS NO DOUBT that British troops dislike the non-fraternisation order. They do not take kindly to organised rudeness and demonstrations of contempt.

Moreover, so far no one has explained just what the non-fraternisation order is supposed to accomplish.

Non-fraternisation was brought in first when we were fighting west of the Rhine. It was then a sensible precaution, for there was a real danger of sabotage interfering with military operations.

When the fighting ceased, however, it was continued and reinforced. Why?

**The soldiers on the bank of the Elbe are behaving correctly towards the German girls by turning their backs—but the attitude is unnatural and impracticable**

The men who are actually administering the government of conquered Germany should keep themselves free of social entanglements with German armament manufacturers and rich Nazi profiteers.

But that is no reason why the British Tommy should be deliberately unpleasant to the ordinary German workers and peasants. Nazi arrogance is foreign to our nature. Most of our soldiers feel uncomfortable at the suggestion from above that they should "act as conquerors." A very small minority may misinterpret the instruction as authority for conduct which, even when directed against the Germans, can only be termed disgraceful.

Last month the German rations in British occupied territory were cut to a bare minimum 2 ounces of meat a week, 3½ ounces of cooking fats, a few pounds of potatoes, a little black bread. Large stores of German food were seized.

It is hard to imagine British soldiers with plenty of food themselves standing happily by while German women and children go hungry and undernourished. And yet the official announcement from Allied Headquarters said in cold blood: "We will not send food to Germany until they show signs of starvation—thus making our policy appear deliberate and unrelated to the fact that there is a *world* food shortage.

When the British Army requisitions a building for housing British troops the inhabitants are given a few hours to get out.

British soldiers have already got into trouble by offering to sleep in their own tents in the back garden rather than turn German families out at a moment's notice on to the streets.

Ask any Army man who is home on leave

"Whose Guilt?" heads the poster showing concentration camp pictures at which these German women glance as they pass by. It is part of our effort to instil a sense of shame into the German mind

and bewilderment lie behind their docility and their desire to co-operate with the Military Government.

But the Hitler myth has not yet been exploded. The Germans are still thinking chiefly of their own skins, and not at all about their own misdeeds.

Re-education will be a long, slow, difficult task. And, so far as I can see, it hasn't yet been seriously begun.

## s Thinking

from Germany and he will tell you a dozen such stories—and some of them may be uglier.

Compare the attitude of our High Command with the behaviour of the Russians in Eastern Germany. Less than a week after Colonel Browne talked of "starvation," M. Mikoyan, the Soviet official who had been investigating the food situation in Berlin and Dresden, announced:

"We have smashed the Hitlerite army, and have occupied Berlin; but our moral sense and our traditions do not allow us to disregard the privations and suffering of the civilian population of Germany."

Russian soldiers are not forbidden to talk to German workers. Russian officers do not boast that they will allow the German people no more food until disease and famine threaten to interfere with the purposes of the occupying forces.

What conclusions is the ordinary German going to draw? Probably three.

1. That the Nazi régime, with all its crimes and injustice, was at least preferable to organised starvation under British rule.

2. That Britain is determined to treat all Germans badly; whereas the Russians, once they get rid of the Nazis, are prepared to make friends with the German people.

3. That the best hope for Germany is to turn Communist and join with the Soviet Union.

Naturally, things haven't reached that stage yet. Most Germans are still desperately afraid of the Russians and look to Britain for justice and fair play.

Germany must suffer as the result of her crimes. But no one who knows Britain expects us to behave other than decently. Why, then, should our high-ups talk as though we were Nazi thugs?

# The Gentle Art of Heckling

**HANNEN SWAFFER remembers occasions when a good heckler has floored experienced speakers by taking them by surprise**

THE WORST OF THE WIRELESS is that you can't heckle the speakers—at least, so that they can hear you.

Churchill's first election broadcast must have enraged or disgusted half the people who heard him; but, deaf to their screams of protests in their sitting-rooms, he went on uninterrupted. Had he made it in public, as he would have done in pre-B.B.C. days, such shouts as "The Beaver told you that!" would have made him white with fury.

For, in the old days, Churchill was not lucky with hecklers. It is in private speech that his wit best shows itself. Sudden challenge often rattles him.

When, in 1912, he made a violent anti-Socialist speech in Dundee, a Suffragette silenced him by ringing a bell continuously.

During his candidature at Leicester after the last war, "Dardanelles widows," dressed in black, genuine or otherwise, followed him about at every meeting.

When, years later, he stood as anti-Socialist candidate for the Abbey division, his first speech, made in the Drury Lane Theatre, was soon interrupted by a man to whom he could merely answer, "Will you allow me to develop my argument?"

### Heckling Host

Then, when he fought Epping, to be returned at last, he found a heckler even in his host, Sir Hedworth Meux. Indeed, a friend who was a member of the same house party at Theobald's Park told me that when he was introduced to it, and Birkenhead and Churchill were talking together, Meux, the bluff sailor, sneered, "They're politicians—and *that* one lost the Dardanelles." Even when, days later, Winston arrived and shouted gleefully, "I've won Epping," Sir Hedworth replied, "Yes, but you lost the Dardanelles!"

Lloyd George, of course, was the master of all hecklers—even Wales's most famous one. This man always sat in the front row and challenged everybody. Directly L.G. stood up in his town he said, "I'm here, Mr. Lloyd George," threateningly. "Yes, you're there and I'm here," replied L.G. "But are you all there?" That finished him.

"I'm in favour of Home Rule for Wales," began L.G. at another meeting, "Home Rule for Scotland, and Home Rule for Ireland." "What about Hell?" yelled an interrupter. "I'm glad my friend is thinking about his own country," flashed back L.G.

Then when a heckler could not be silenced any other way, L.G. dropped 5s. on the chairman's table and shouted, "Send out for a bundle of hay and put it in that calf's mouth."

Margot was pretty good in her time. When her husband, the great Asquith, was standing for Paisley, his daughter Violet, who was holding the fort till her father arrived, was so interrupted that Margot reproved the heckler.

"You've got enough brass in your neck to make a kettle," he retorted.

"And you've got enough water in your head to fill it," shouted back Margot.

He may be asking what Gladstone said in 1887—but whatever the interruption, it looks as if the speaker will be shaken

Jim Thomas was always apt in his retorts. After the General Strike an irate railwayman shouted to him, "You sold us out!" "I did my best for you," replied Jim, "but I got no offers."

Nobby Clark, a famous Skipton heckler, sent along to silence Sir Harry Verney, the Liberal candidate, started by complaining that the women in the front of the platform were showing their legs, and that this was disconcerting the audience. When the women had straightened their skirts a bit, the heckler continually asked the candidate what year the Liberal Government had passed a certain Act of Parliament.

Not knowing, Sir Harry varied his reply time after time, and finally said that all the Bills passed by the Liberals were good and that they would pass some more.

"But that Act was passed by the Tories in 1882," shouted the heckler to his discomfiture.

### Test of Wit and Temper

One classic case of heckling was that which silenced the Tory who said: "Blood will tell. My father was a baron, and my grandfather was a baron."

"It's a pity your mother wasn't barren, too," yelled a listener.

Heckling, indeed, is the joy of elections. It tests the wit. It challenges knowledge

The unperturbed candidate to whom a woman screamed, "If I were your wife I'd give you poison," retorted calmly, "If I were your husband I'd take it."

There was no response, though, from the lips of a would-be M.P. who, waving his arms in the air even more than does Arthur Greenwood. "Was your mother frightened by a windmill?" yelled someone.

Another candidate was stumped by a railway porter whom he asked, "Do you think the railways should be nationalised?" Putting down a heavy trunk, the porter answered, "If you ask me, mate, I think they ought to be paralysed."

Yet another candidate who had had a rough meeting was hoisted at the end of it on the shoulders of two men. He felt he had made good until he asked them if they were carrying him to his hotel. "Blimey, no," replied one. "It's the canal you're bound for."

As a candidate named Salmon was having a bad time, a member of the audience meekly expressed a wish to ask a question. "Let the man ask his question," urged Salmon. But his audience refused to be quiet. When, at last, the candidate said he would leave the platform unless the row stopped, the modest heckler was allowed to put his question. "When will Mr. Salmon go back to his tin?" he asked. He had hooked his fish!

### Militant Feminists

Mind you, the Suffragettes were by far the worst hecklers. Their interruptions often became physical violence. Indeed, they once used it on the wrong man. When Asquith was on an election tour a woman with a horsewhip attacked the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who was rather like him.

At a big London meeting the usually placid Henry Nevinson, the veteran war correspondent and crusader, allowed his pro-Suffragist sympathies to excite him. Repeatedly he asked, "Why don't you give the women votes?" "Mr. Nevinson, I am surprised to find you in such a company," replied Asquith.

Wickham Steed, another calm journalist, once became equally indignant with the same statesman. In the earlier days of the 1914 war things were not going well. Asquith held, what was new then, a Press conference.

Time after time Steed, then editor of the *Times* stood up at the back and asked, "When is Mr. Asquith going to start winning the war?" At last, Balfour, seated next to Asquith, woke up and asked, "Who on earth is that man?"

One day, perhaps, an invention will make it possible for us to heckle wireless speakers. Then we shall all be able to enjoy ourselves!

# NOT THE WHOLE HOGG

**Calling his book "The Left Was Never Right," Captain Quintin Hogg comes out of his corner to challenge the political satires written by Michael Foot**

**Quintin Hogg has been Conservative M.P. for Oxford City since 1938. He is a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, a barrister, and the author of several books on Law. He shares with Michael Foot the distinction of having presided over the Oxford Union. He has served during the German War in the Rifle Brigade. His hobbies include shooting.**

**Michael Foot, son of the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, went to Wadham College, Oxford. He was Assistant Editor of the *Tribune* and Acting Editor of the *Evening Standard* before joining the staff of the *Daily Herald*. His political satires have reached sensational sales—the most famous being *The Trial of Mussolini*. His hobbies include watching football.**

WHEN MICHAEL FOOT produced his hard-hitting books of political satire, *The Trial of Mussolini* and *Brendan and Beverley*, the Conservative Party took refuge behind what they called the British Sense of Decency. They said that these books were mud-slinging at its worst, that they were uncivilised, that they belonged not so much to the realms of satire as to savagery.

## Call to the Faithful

Now, after a surprisingly long period of incubation, Captain Quintin Hogg, M.P., one of the leading younger Tories, has produced a book in reply. It is called *The Left Was Never Right* (Faber, 4s. 6d.), and, in the first place, is intended to settle the hash of Michael Foot once and for all. In the second, the Conservative Party hopes that it may turn the tables on the Left Wing of this country at a critical period of the election.

Remembering the widespread publicity behind the scenes, the high anticipation in the Conservative camp, and the title of the book, we were beginning to expect something lethal. Alas, we flattered Captain Hogg. This book is nothing more than a clarion call to the Conservative faithful.

Of course, Captain Hogg intends it to be read as something very different. The book should have shifted the responsibility for the length of the war to the Labour Party. It should have humbled its leaders and racked the Party with doubts.

It does none of these things.

Does Captain Hogg imagine that, when Mr. Morrison discouraged the cadet movement in the schools, he did as much damage as Sir Samuel Hoare when he signed a new naval treaty with Germany in 1935, thus allowing the Germans a big increase in their navy?

## Baldwin's Bluff

Can any part of the Labour Party's attitude to rearmament have had such criminal distortion as Sir Kingsley Wood's statement on March 7, 1940, when he said: "Even on a numerical basis, the output of aircraft accruing to us and to France is to-day in excess of that of Germany"?

Does Captain Hogg imagine that Mr. Baldwin was no more to blame for the disastrous disparity in fighting strength between ourselves and the Germans at the beginning of the war, than Sir Stafford Cripps, who once reproved "a gentleman known as Admiral Pound who made the somewhat extraordinary remark, 'Battleships were harmless weapons of defence and more precious than rubies to those who possessed them'"?

The crowning glory of all the Conservative statements, which not even Captain Hogg can find a Left Wing phrase to match, was Baldwin's, "Supposing I had gone to the country and said that Germany was rearming and that we must rearm—I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain."

It is true that Captain Hogg quotes the rest of Baldwin's speech and says that certain passages were omitted from Foot's book. But they do not change the implication that Stanley Baldwin was prepared to win the election at the price of complete deception.

It is true again that Captain Hogg succeeds in unearthing some very unwise phrases from Labour M.P.s and Labour statesmen, but almost all the statements have one thing in common: they concern arms and rearmament.

Now it is quite definite that the Germans were rearming hand over fist while the Conservative Party was in power. This Party possessed the Intelligence reports, they had the whole of the Diplomatic Corps at their disposal, and yet it appears that they still did not know the colossal size of German rearmament.

If they, with all the Secret Service apparatus at their disposal, could not accurately appraise the state of German arms, then what hope had the Labour M.P.s? If the truth had been known to the Labour Party in all its gigantic proportions, I suggest it would have had a very different tale to tell.

There may be some truth again in one of Ernest Bevin's statements, made in 1942, that "No party comes clean out of pre-war policy."

## Digging Up the Past

Yes, the whole country was at fault *in kind*, but *in degree* the responsibility varied considerably. If you have read the other books, *Your M.P.* and *Guilty Men*, then the conclusion is inescapable that the bulk of the responsibility rested with the Conservative Party.

There are three curious anomalies in Quintin Hogg's book. He writes in the preface. "I trust that whatever other faults this work may have it will not fall into the wearisome muck-raking indulged in by the gloomy trinity." He then refers to the Roman pseudonyms of Michael Foot and his collaborators. Yet within a few pages he is busy at just this very business of digging up the past.

Within a few pages, too, he is complaining that only one of the authors of *Guilty Men* and *Your M.P.* has served in this war. Let me admit Hogg's passion for accuracy and quote the additional phrase: "There are doubtless good reasons for this." There are. Michael Foot, the leader of the trio, has a "gammy" leg which made it impossible for him to take up active service.

But the point where Captain Hogg lays himself and the whole Conservative Party open to devastating rejoinder is the point where he gives the comparative numbers of Labour, Liberal and Conservative M.P.s who have served in this war.

## Balanced but Dull

The Conservatives top the list. To start with, there are more of them. And Hogg should realise that his figures don't mean much in answer to a question of this kind, because they do not take into account such points as age groups, health, and many other factors which are necessary before a comparison between the parties becomes even roughly legitimate.

There are points in this book at which one is forced to agree with Captain Hogg, but they are few. There are passages written with a superb sense of balance, but they are dull. There are facts by the hundred, all laid out in rows, but they lack the skill which makes Michael Foot's books so readable. The thing sticks in the throat halfway through.

I read steadily to the last page of the book myself, but, at the end, I found myself hoping that this could not possibly be—the whole Hogg.

VINCENT BROME.

## WITH MY FEET UP
## by IAN FOX

### Scene in a Pub.

"HELLO, TOM, my boy. Funny to see you in civvies. On leave?"

"No, Mr. Smith. I'm out of it now. Starting civvy life again."

"That's fine. What'll you have?"

"Brown ale, please—if they've got it. Here, have a cigarette."

"Er—is that all you've got?"

"That's O.K.—I managed to get ten this afternoon."

"Bit of luck, eh? Brown ale, miss, please. . . . Er-hmm. Mild's all they've got, Tom."

"O.K. Better than the 'Hand in Glove.' That's been shut for two days."

"So's the 'Crown and Anchor' and 'The Bucket of Swill.' They seem to have got some sandwiches here—have one?"

"I don't mind if I do. Ma can't dish up the eats like she used to, now the ration's cut. And the café down the road wants two bob for sausage and mashed."

"Ah, here comes old Joe. Hello, Joe. Managed to track down some beer at last? You remember Tom, don't you? Bill Robinson's boy. Joe was a great friend of your father, Tom."

"Of course, I remember Tom. I hear you're out of it now, young feller. Back in your old job?"

"Not yet. The place has been reorganised and they can't fit me in just yet."

"Bad luck. Ah well, things seem to have got into a pretty state. San Francisco didn't seem to go too well. What was it all about, Smith?"

"Damned if I know. Seems as if it was a Peace conference where they were trying to agree on a loophole to let them start another war when they want one."

"They'll want it all right. I dare say they'll agree on a constitutional way of declaring it, too."

"THEN THERE'S this Syrian business. We occupied the place and De Gaulle gave way. France isn't going to like that."

"Looks like another little war off temporarily. How about Poland? They still seem to be scrapping over what and which bit belongs to whom. I suppose they'll arrange it, but it looks dangerous."

"And Tito saying he's going to fight for Carinthia. I thought he was on our side, but it sounds as if he means to fight us if our boys stop sitting in the mountains playing ha'penny nap."

"Yes, I reckon that's another powder barrel. Let's hope we don't do anything to set it off."

"WHAT A WORLD! There even seems a mess-up in Germany. They've marked out the Russian zone but there are still British and American troops in it, so the Russians don't like that. I must admit, too, we seem pretty slow in getting out."

"And the Allies keep up non-fraternisation while the Russians play football matches with the Germans. Lord knows, it's a muddled old world."

"Looks as if we've got a gloves-off fight on here at home, too, with this election."

"Plenty of mud slung about already—it's going to be pretty dirty by the time it's over. Hello, Tom, not going already, are you? What's up, got a date?"

"No, no date. I'm thinking I'd better get home quickly and put my affairs in order. It looks as if I'll get a new set of call-up papers in a couple of days. Good-night all."

Free Speech

# AND YET THEY CANNOT VOTE!

**Religion and job-hunting. S.E.A.C. menu. New use for the Public Library? Using father as a threat. It's expensive to grow lettuces for market**

"Some of the kiddies are shy"

MEN UNDER TWENTY-ONE in the Forces are considered fit to fight in the front line, to take all the responsibility of piloting fighters and bombers, to face the enemy at sea—but they are not considered fit to have a say in the way the country should be governed.

I also know the case of a young chap who worked with me in the Civil Defence Services in London during the blitz in 1941. He won a medal for bravery. He is now twenty, having won the medal at sixteen. But there is no vote for him because he, too, is not considered old enough.

Yet the Powers That Be still continue to cry such phrases as "the future lies with the youth of the country."—F. P., Dorchester.

(There is a popular rumour that members of the Forces are able to vote at the age of eighteen. This is not so. Those under twenty-one are, however, required to fill in the form A.B.2626 so that their names will automatically be placed on the voting register when they reach the age of twenty-one.—EDITOR.)

## Political Current

TO ANY GOVERNMENT wishing to be popular, I suggest State control of electricity. The price of electricity varies enormously throughout the country, largely because of private ownership. If the State took over we could have uniform prices and the way would be cleared for perfect kitchens. In return, the politicians would get the allegiance of every housewife in the country.—TEL. C. R., H.M.S. ——, c/o G.P.O., London.

## Religion and Employers

I HAVE HAD THE SAME sort of experience as W. J. Rundle's friend who was questioned about her religion when applying for a job (JOHN BULL, May 26). As a typist, I was expected by one firm to wait after 6 p.m. to answer questions from a "hot gospeller" who wanted to know whether I was "saved." I knew a girl of thirty-two who was sacked after eighteen years' service because someone gave away the fact that she was not a Protestant. If ever again I hear the phrase, "We employ only Christians," my answer will be, "Thanks for the warning."—MRS. KATE BRENNAN, 15, Kinloch Road, Renfrew.

## S.E.A.C. Rations

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER from my son, who is fighting with an infantry regiment in the South East Asia Command: "The food has been terrible here lately. We're supposed to be on half rations, but they're well below that. Yesterday for dinner we had one spoonful of salmon, the same amount of jam and two biscuits. To-day's cigarette ration consisted of 3½ per man." I enclose my son's number and regiment.—MRS. E. HOPPER, 6, White Friars Street, Coventry.

## Old School Tie

I AM A WORKING MAN. Looking through Mr. Churchill's list of "caretakers," I find the names of no less than twenty-five Old Etonians. Could they possibly sympathise with my point of view, or that of any other son of toil?—J. R. V., Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

## A Deserted Mother

THE LETTER YOU PRINTED (JOHN BULL, May 26) about fair play for the mothers of Servicemen was quite right. I was left a widow when my son was three months old. I worked hard and brought him up to be a man. He joined the Navy, and, when war broke out, married a girl he had known for about a year. He had only been married three weeks when he was killed.

I have seen his wife once in the three years since he died. She has never written to me and it has hurt me. All I have left is a memory.—MRS. H., Bow, E.3.

## Whisky Dodge

WHEN MY BROTHER, home on leave from Italy, came to see us we went off to the local for a drink. There was a notice saying "No Beer," so we decided to have a whisky apiece. "Sorry," said the barman, "no whisky this side. But you'll get one in the lounge."

"We went home"

Waxing confidential, he explained that the proprietor could only charge 1s. 9d. in the saloon bar, whereas he got 2s. 6d. for it in the lounge. We went home and had a cup of tea.—MRS. F., Oxfordshire.

## New Library Use

I WAS PLEASED to see the letter (JOHN BULL, May 19) in which the writer tells how he "discovered" the usefulness of his public library. This letter raises larger, and as yet almost entirely unexplored, issues than the mere use of a library as such.

Could not our public libraries, whether small or large, be used as focal centres for community life, especially in those numerous places where no other accommodation exists for debating societies, youth clubs, play-reading circles, and the like? In the fine new libraries which we hope to get as part of the many post-war building schemes, accommodation and equipment for such activities could be incorporated from the beginning.—G. LANGLEY, 44, Chestnut Avenue, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

## Slacking Off?

AS ONE OF THE MANY hundreds of craftsmen sent from the provinces to do bomb-damage repairs in London, I strongly protest at the decision to reduce working hours from sixty to fifty-four, abolishing Saturday afternoon and Sunday work. When the bomb danger was still present, everything was all right. Now there does not seem the same hurry.—J. J., South Kensington, S.W.

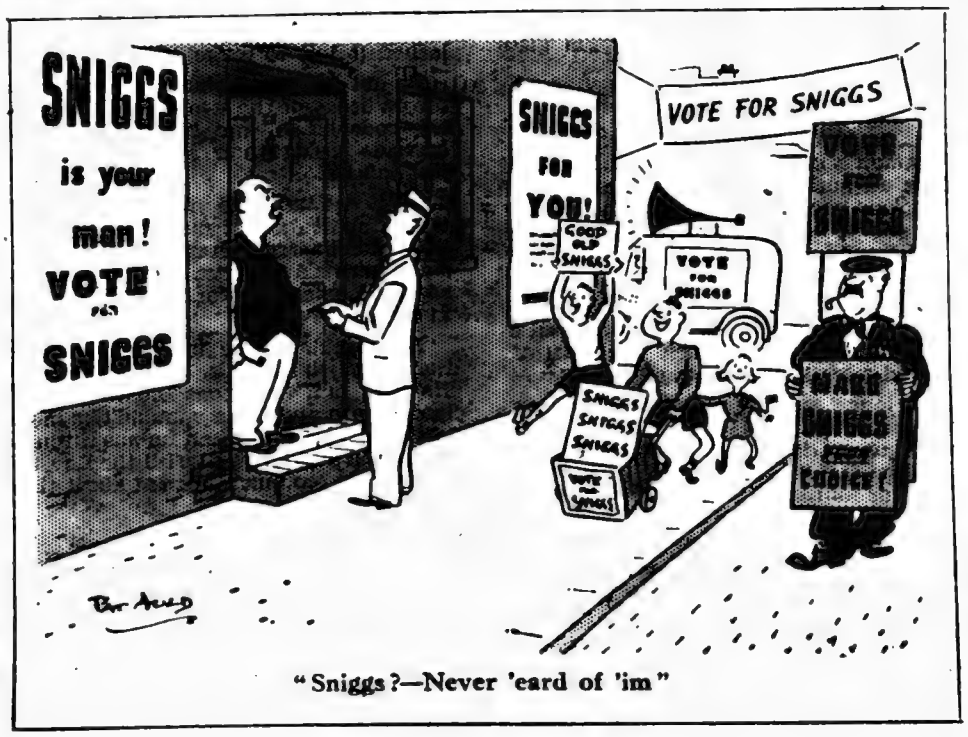
## Parting Barrier

ON ARRIVING AT the Paragon railway station, Hull, to return to base after leave, I was told that my fiancée was not allowed on to the platform to say good-bye. I heard that this ban on anyone not travelling by train comes into operation at seven o'clock every evening. So a good-bye outside the barrier is the last some couples see of one another for maybe two or three years.

When I was at the station the train was over half an hour late and the womenfolk waited fifty yards away behind the red tape barrier to the platform.—W/m., R.S.B. (Name and address supplied.)

## On Top of the Job

HOWEVER NONSENSICAL it may seem, height counts even in cases where physique is of no importance. Not long ago I came across this advertisement in a Lancashire newspaper: "Wanted, single young woman (tall), aged 26-30, for housekeeping." Can a woman keep house better if she's 5 ft. 10 in. than if she's 4 ft. 10 in.? Or were the shelves in the house set unusually high.—MRS. L. BELL, 349, Willows Lane, Accrington, Lancs.




"Sniggs?—Never 'eard of 'im"

## Mothers to Blame

SEVERAL OF OUR MEN coming home from Germany and Burma are very disappointed, and sometimes broken-hearted, at their children's attitude towards them. Some of the kiddies are shy and some afraid.

Nine times out of ten the mother is to blame. Mothers have been too ready to tell their children when they have been naughty, "You wait til' your daddy comes home." Naturally children have learnt to fear their fathers.—MRS. J. M. JENKIN, 3, Bluebell Road, West Cramlington, Northumberland.

## Army Hut—£1,500

MAYBE I'M RAW at this house-hunting business. Just back from the East, I went to see a "desirable detached furnished bungalow." I found that, to a Serviceman, it was truly a home-from-home—an Army hut. Price, £1,500. A valuer estimated the furniture at no more than £200, even at present-day prices. When house price control of furnished houses and rooms comes there should also be control of furniture and fittings. I suggest a maximum percentage of the house for furnishings.—Miss L. M. S., Corporation Street, St. Helens.

## Reader Thanks Reader

YOU PRINTED A LETTER which I wrote explaining, as an Australian, that all my experiences had shown that the English are friendly rather than reserved (JOHN BULL, May 26). Imagine my surprise when I received a parcel from "A reader of JOHN BULL, with love."

It contained a beautifully worked crochet dovley. No name was given, but on the slip of paper were the words, "Beighton, near Sheffield." I was very pleased and touched by this fresh evidence of British friendliness, and would be grateful if you could help me to acknowledge the gracious gift.—MRS. MARGARET TOMS, 72, College Road, Maidstone, Kent.

## Bright and Early

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ the letter criticising the B.B.C.'s "Early Morning Exercises" (JOHN BULL, May 26). My husband leaves home for work at 7.10 a.m., after which I begin my household duties. I always listen to the cheerful fifteen minutes of exercises. When the instructor gives us one of his solos I'm sure they must be enjoyed by hundreds of housewives who do not stay in their warm beds.—MRS. B. BARNES, 186, Castle Road, Bedford. (Guinea paid to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund as requested.—EDITOR.)

## What Do You Pay?

WHAT do you pay for a lettuce? My husband sent 618 to market the other week and they fetched 30s. Rail charges were 14s. 10d., use of boxes 12s., handling charges 4s., and commission 2s. 3d. He was 3s. 1d. out of pocket, and I'm not counting his labour.—Mrs. J. E., Norwich.

*LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

**JOHN BULL Short Story**

# Mr. HARRIS abandons ship

**The big mate had always paid his debts. He felt he owed the Japanese a return match for the way they treated him in Singapore—he waited for his chance of payment in full**

**by**

**Albert Richard Wetjen**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

CAPTAIN RANSE painfully raised himself on one arm and the kneeling second mate wiped the blood from his face again.

That last Jap shell, fired blind through the in-closing fog, had made a shambles of the bridge, and there was something the matter with the captain's side. The helmsman was dead by the wheel and the fourth mate was a grotesque huddle in the port wing.

Only Mr. Harris, the big mate, stood upright, swaying a little to the roll of the *Benicia*, and he seemed to be smiling twistedly, except it was a ghastly pucker of old scars covering one side of his face that created the illusion.

He was smoking unhurriedly, and almost with care.

"You hear me," croaked Captain Ranse, exasperated. "You'll abandon and head for New Guinea. The 'planes will spot you at dawn and see you're picked up."

"Yes, we heard," agreed the big mate. "The second'll take you all off." Captain Ranse swore and coughed blood.

"I'm about finished and I know it. But you've got to see to the crew. That's your job, Mr. Harris Take over and abandon her."

"You can tow the boats with the launch," said the mate to the second, as if the captain had not spoken. He blew cigarette smoke down his nostrils. "They won't bother you there." He jerked his head astern. "But I'm staying."

"I gave you an order," said Captain Ranse, coughing again. "You're to abandon. Get out and see to the men." The second mate looked up nervously.

"Mr. Harris, I don't know if I can handle the whole job. You'd better come along. Anyway, why stay? She's making water and the engine's dead."

MR. HARRIS FLIPPED his cigarette away and his voice grew hard. "You'll witness the old man's wounded and out of his mind. Put that in the log if you want to clear yourself.

"Anyway, I'm taking over all right and I'm staying. Now get the boats over, and make it fast. Steer as I told you and you can't miss."

"Harris," started Captain Ranse again, and then groaned and went limp. The mate shrugged.

"See how it is, lad. He might have a chance if you hurry so the 'planes can spot you at dawn." The second mate laid down the captain's head and got to his feet, whiteface.

"I don't like it," he said bluntly. "What's the point of you staying when the ship's finished anyway? Not that it matters much." He laughed shakily. "That damned destroyer convoy'll run us down as soon as it clears."

"I don't think so," the mate amended gently. "Not when you remember what we're carrying."

"Five thousand tons of T.N.T.," said the second automatically. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"The old *Benicia* will last until dawn," Mr. Harris explained. He lighted another cigarette and drew hard. "And I know these waters. Those destroyers will anchor in Bangor Bay until it clears, and we're in the easterly current, and the tide will turn in an hour and the *Benicia* will drift along.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she would drift clear into Bangor Bay. In fact, if she don't, then I'm no sailor."

The second mate bit his lip as he comprehended. "But you wouldn't have a chance," he protested. "We'll have a slim one ourselves but at least it's something."

The big mate nodded and held up his left hand. Only two fingers were left. Then he touched the terrible scars that twisted his face to a perpetual grin. "They caught me in Singapore," he reminded the younger man. "The yellow devils! They did a lot of funny things before I got away. When you've been through hell nothing else seems very bad."

The second looked at him a long time through the swirling mist, already beginning to darken with the dusk, and at last he nodded. "O.K.," he said shortly, and there were new lines drawn about his lips. "I understand."

The big mate shrugged "I'm glad someone does," he said drily.

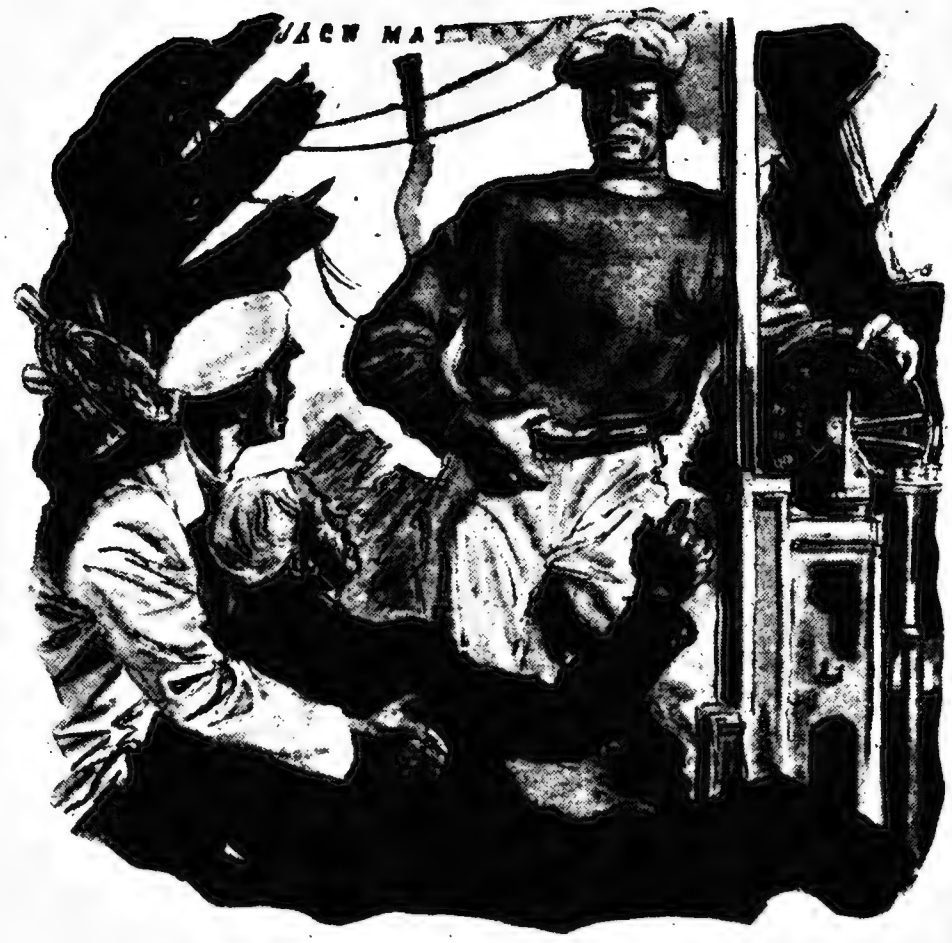
THE SECOND WALKED to the port companion and called down, and two men came up and carried away the still unconscious captain. "I'll attend to the code books and stuff," said the mate quietly, and the second nodded again and held out his hand as the creak of boat falls came from 'midships.

He swallowed a little. "You've been a good mate to work under, Mr. Harris," he said huskily. "So long."

"So long," said the mate as they shook. "And don't take it hard, lad. All you have got to do is keep your head and you'll be O.K." He laughed. "Buy the girls a drink for me when you get home."

The second tried to say something further but couldn't, and he stumbled down the companion and after a time there came the uncertain stutter of the launch's motor, presently steadying to a rhythmic chugging, and leaning over the rail the mate could faintly discern the string of boats as they headed west.

He heaved a sigh of relief then. The damned fool second might have stood arguing for another hour if the old man hadn't lost consciousness. As it was . . . he shrugged and looked briefly at the dead helmsman and at the grotesque huddle in the bridge wing that had been the fourth mate.



Said Captain Ranse, coughing again, "You're to abandon. Get out and see to the men"

Luckily that last shell hadn't gone into one of the holds or they'd all have gone sky-high. As it was a couple had wrecked the engine-room and the last one had wrecked the bridge.

The sudden fog alone had saved them, and it had been the devil's own luck they had ever run into the Jap convoy at all.

A lot of the boys on the New Guinea beaches needed what the old *Benicia* was carrying, but perhaps they wouldn't crab too much if she could even up a bit.

The big mate let smoke trickle down his nostrils and moved almost leisurely. He put the wheel 'midships, and even lashed it just to make sure.

He got a sledge hammer and knocked the padlocks off the steel locker that held the code books, and he dropped them overside inside their special steel box, just in case.

Then he set his fuses and made them short so there'd be no slip if he was boarded unexpectedly, and he made sure his matches were dry and he slipped a patent lighter in his pocket just in case.

You couldn't take too many precautions on a job like this. He had to laugh. He had an enormous floating bomb underneath and there shouldn't be much left of Bangor Bay when he was through. The main anxiety was to hit the Bay, but he was not too much worried about that.

WHAT WORRIED HIM more was the water the *Benicia* was taking in the wrecked engine-room. It would never do to have her founder before the big moment came. But he took several soundings and was satisfied on that score.

She'd be logy in a few hours, but not too much so. He tested the current drift with tin cans lowered overside, and then weighted them to estimate the drift lower down. You couldn't always tell by surface drift what the keel drift would be. But it all seemed in order.

The tide had already turned and the old ship was easing along with it. He checked the position from the last reckoning and hung over the chart a while and nodded. Yes, it should all go well. The *Benicia* was dead in the current.

He lighted another cigarette and contemplated things as the darkness came down.

You couldn't rely much on South Pacific charts, even the best, but he had served his time in those waters and he knew a lot of things the charts didn't.

He knew, for instance, that a cross drift athwart the mouth of Bangor Bay, when the tide ran, would by some quirk set a helpless vessel full into the main cove when the Jap destroyers were almost certainly weathering out this smother.

He should arrive about dawn and the little men would be quite astonished to see a lost prize come back to them again.

WELL, HE HOPED it would be enough of a surprise. They had caught him at Singapore when he had been resting from a bout of island fever, and he had seen many things that he did not want to remember, especially the women.

But he did remember the cold fury of the Japanese naval officer who wanted to know what course his convoy had taken and where it was bound.

They had tried to persuade him to talk and there were moments when he almost did . . . especially when they wrenched his fingers off. But he hadn't. He still felt a little awed at his own fortitude. He almost did . . . but he hadn't! . . . And now he had the *Benicia* and the current and tide, and all his fuses set, and a destroyer nest ahead

He chuckled and checked everything

over to make sure. He'd always paid his debts and this was one he'd missed so far.

He was on the bridge when the dawn came, and, as he expected, the fog was already clearing. He was thankful the entrance to Bangor Bay was wide enough to allow for some error, but if he remembered the tidal insuck he would not have to worry.

He lighted a cigar then. A cigar was even better than a match to touch off a fuse, and he had to be sure of everything.

There was one tense moment as he heard the roar of breakers and wondered if he had miscalculated after all, but then he saw the loom of the south headland sweep by and felt the old waterlogged *Benicia* buck to that fatal cross drift that swung her aside.

The cove should be ahead now and he picked up the glasses to see better as the mists cleared and the sun's rays slanted across the bay's green waters. And his heart turned over.

He had calculated to a nicety, for there at anchor were the five destroyers and half a dozen fat transports, and the *Benicia* was swinging towards them. He could see the sudden scurry of alarm that swept the decks and the swinging of the guns to bear on him.

As if that mattered. The *Benicia* was close now, and a puzzled officer was coming out in a launch.

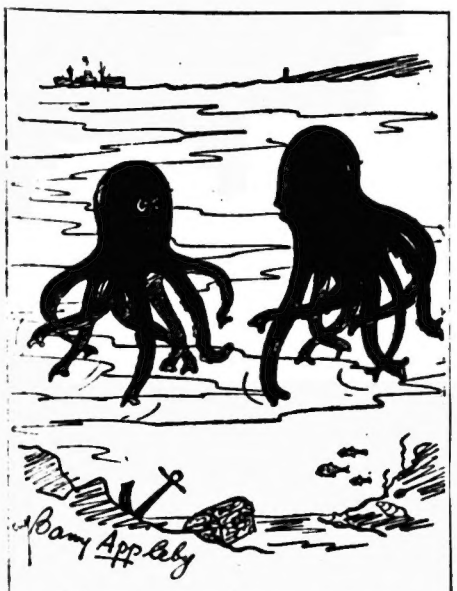
THE BIG MATE cocked his revolver, and as the launch came alongside he shot the officer dead between the eyes. A personal matter, so to speak. The *Benicia* swung on before the launch crew could recover itself . . . and then she was yawing aimlessly between two of the destroyers and would soon collide with one or the other.

There were frantic shouts, but the mate touched his fuses one by one, unhurried and with that terrible twisted smile contorting his face. It would only be a few seconds and five thousand tons of T.N.T. should do quite a little damage.

There wouldn't be much left of the convoy. He thought of the hell of Singapore and of many other things. It was all a laugh now. . . . And what a laugh. . . .

Far away the second mate with his string of boats heard the faint thunder of a giant explosion and he swallowed hard. Captain Ranse roused himself painfully from the bottom boards and inquired fretfully, "What was that? What was that noise?"

"Just Mr. Harris, sir," said the second mate huskily, "abandoning ship."




"I can't do everything—I've only got four pairs of hands"

**Growing together from babyhood to school age in the care of devoted foster-parents there is a family of**

# Twenty-One Happy Children

ENGLAND'S NEWEST KIND of family, the luckiest and most interesting you could meet, has twentyone children. They romp in the Sunday afternoon sunshine, rolling, head-over-heelsing, stilt-walking on the green lawn of rural Adwell House, Tetsworth, Oxfordshire.

As I watched their play I wondered what might have been their lot in life but for the accident of war from which the Adwell experiment, like Topsy, "just growed" into a model for study by all concerned with the human problem of better foster-parenthood.

What is unique about it is this:

Twenty-one children of mixed parentage have been for five and a half years, since they were tots of two and three, brought up as brothers and sisters in one family by one foster-mother and her helpers, with the added prospect that most of them will remain with her till they go into the world at sixteen.

Nothing quite like this normal large family life with the same foster-parent, begun before boys and girls were too old to live together as brothers and sisters, has happened before.

Nor has there ever been a happier living expression of the much-needed Charter for Unwanted Children—for more than half the Adwell family were unwanted. Nobody's Babies—not knowing their parents, not understanding at two and three years old what the words "Mummy" and "Daddy" meant.

The others are from honest, but poor, homes.

## No One of Their Own

The great adventure that changed their infant lives began on August 30, 1939, when an evacuation 'bus brought them from a Public Assistance Institution in the London area to the paradise that has since been their home.

There they were welcomed by Colonel Birch Reynardson and his wife who had agreed to take some "under fives": Doris Sayer, a certificated teacher, who was to be their foster-mother, and other helping relatives and friends.

Dining-room was turned into dormitory, billiards-room into play-room, colonel's study into cloakroom. The home farm aided the rationing; meadows, woods, a stream, lawns, gardens became a playground as the toddlers grew up.

The colonel's wife, herself mother of four and known to all the foster-family as Mummy Di, is one of those gracious, greying ladies who "have a way with children" and a deep and tender insight into the psychology of unwanted ones.

"Have you ever thought," she asked me, "what it must be like to be born into the world without having a known blood relation?"

"Have you ever seen such children stare with a disappointed, hungry look, as we did, when parents of other children visited them? Till we found every child a godfather or godmother and some both. Not formal, but real godparents who pay visits whenever they can, remember birthdays and Christmasses, and fully realise what the child expects of them in whom it places its trust."

The Sunday afternoon romp on the lawn showed me narrow-minded religion has no place at Adwell House. But a little of the right sort has.

"Have you ever thought," went on Mummy Di, "what it means to a child who has never known a human father to say for the first time 'Our Father' in the family prayer?

"We realised when these children came here that they *wanted somebody*. They didn't know anybody *wanted them*. We took them on our knees, but they

Every evening foster-mother Doris listens to the children saying the prayers composed by Mummy Di

didn't hug us back—no response at all, far less than one gets from animals.

"They didn't know what love was because no one before had had time to love them. The institution had done all it could for them; but they'd had no one person they could have looked to as mother.

"Different nurses, different faces, everybody coming and going—why, when we first put on our hats to go out it was painful trying to convince them we wanted them enough to come back!

"So I devised this little prayer for them each night, after their bath: 'I want God and God wants me.' Five years later we asked them what they first remembered, and nearly all said it was that."

Every evening, after their bath, the children go into foster-mother Doris's room, where they read, play, and kneel at a little prayer desk; and in this intimate atmosphere readily confide anything on their minds.

## Ideal Foster-Mother

Foster-mother Doris is a lively, well-educated young woman holding the Montessori certificate and trained in a nursery school where she helped with forty children. She says these are the ideal foster-mother's qualifications:

Cheerfulness, being able to enter into a child's mind, ensure quiet discipline, inspire trust and a sense of security. Above all, a real love of children. You are born with it; but if you only think you have it a stiff two-years' course at a nursery school, learning to deal with children's bodies and minds, will decide your fitness for the job.

Is she fit for hers? These eloquent little cameos of some of her charges will help you to judge. I found them in an album "report" she addressed to Mummy Di as a Christmas present, 1941, each written beneath progressive snapshots of the child:

"Peter, aged four. Blue eyes, fair hair, funny little nose crinkling up with a delicious smile. A laugh no one can resist; a temper no one would expect, sudden and passionate, but getting wonderfully controlled. Generous, loving, loyal to all his friends, the best 'sticker up' one could ever find—our Peter John.

"Michael, four. 'The Duke,' sometimes a very lonely little boy. Never knew his parents, so he 'gave himself' a grandfather who was the pride and mainstay of his lonely days—till we gave him a godfather and godmother, real and loving and true.

"Louis, four. Shaggy, dark head, soft brown eyes and that smile—Louis at his best. Sensitive and proud, hating to be told of his faults, nervous and yet curiously brave, longing to be thought much of, a character indeed, one who makes us think.

"Selfish and yet so lovable all his friends stick up for him. Shall we forget our pride in his first unselfish act? His great friend was punished for disobedience by being deprived of his sweets. 'Well,' said Louis, 'I'll give him mine'—and he did. A small thing, you may say, but the beginning we feel of great things.

## Security is Important

"Derek, four. Came to us from his London home after suffering severe concussion in a street accident. Nervous, and with a delicate body. Good food, country air, a regular life and the companionship of a large family have turned him into a healthy, well-grown boy and nearly all his nervous bogys have vanished. Reserved and unforthcoming—yet when we go away we know no one on our return will give us a more loving welcome than Derek."

Only a model foster-mother who knows how to "suffer little children" could write about them like that.

She teaches them how to spend their pocket money wisely, buying sweets and playthings in their nursery "shop," how to share their toys and tiny gardens.

"If they'd have gone from us at the school age of five we feel we'd have made little impression on their lives. It's the last two and a half years, bringing them to an average age of seven to eight, that have shown the importance of continuity with the same foster-mother.

"Whether, if qualified, she teaches them, or they go out to school, doesn't matter so long as they have their mother to come home to.

## Cottage Homes

The war over, some of these Adwell children will return to their homes.

Thirteen, with no homes, live in great hopes they will remain one family of brothers and sisters under the same roof as foster-mother Doris.

A house has been provided free by friends of the family and the responsible local authority is generously assisting; but more money will still be needed for maintenance and schooling.

The household of thirteen will be nearer the cottage-home family of eight or nine which several authorities believe will be found to be the ideal solution by the Government committee now considering the provisions made for children deprived of home life.

Experience of those, like the Barnardo Homes and the N.S.P.C.C., who have done great work for such children, points that way.

The cottage home, with a properly qualified foster-mother prepared to make child-love and upbringing a vocation, is the safe, easily inspected half-way house between impersonal institution life and the three worst types of private foster-parents:

Those who do it only "for the money," those who, like the Goughs, kill by cruelty, those who by doting and ignorance destroy a child's chances of fitting itself to take its place in a tough new world.

Accidental, ambitious Adwell has helped to show the way, a model all can learn by. Only the perfect small private home may be better—when you can find it!

JOHN CASHEL.

# His Road to Success

BACK to *Bullets*—that's the road which has speedily led to First Prize for reader C. E. Warren (43, Stonards Hill, Loughton). Here are his winning words in Contest 1,477 : In Our Hands—Europe's Ruins—And " Foundations."

It was only his second attempt since resuming his old hobby, so why shouldn't *you* win one of this week's 33 Holiday Cheques with your coupon below ? For *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope.

**WIN a "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!**

**THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £350**

**£100 CASH FIRST plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END**

**£20, £10, 10 of £6, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.**

**1,500 MERIT AWARDS**

☞ **Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 5, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.**

## HOW TO WIN

*Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.*

FAMILY OF NATIONS
NEW HOUSE
OUR CHOICE
FIRES OF HATRED
AFTER THE ELECTION
OLD, OLD STORY
CARETAKER GOVERNMENT
DIDN'T VOTE
WHALE OF A JOB
FACE THE FACTS AND
ENEMY OF ALL
MUST LIVE
FOR A HOLIDAY
HAVING A THIN TIME
MODERN MAGICIAN
SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS
SANDY'S LUGGAGE
DUST OF YEARS
HE'S A NOBODY, SO
FROM BAD TO WORSE

**Six " Examples " below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your " Bullet " as usual.**

QUILTY OF.....
ENOUGH TO.....
DODGING THE.....
PLAYING WITH .....
IN ..... OPINION
PUT THE ..... OUT

**RULES** 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

**ADDRESS COUPON : "BULLETS" No.1,483, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid " Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

**"BULLETS" No. 1,483**
**CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 25**

**For JULY 7 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE**

**Result 1,479—First Prize £250 & Celebration Week-end**

**MISS M. K. MUGRIDGE, "CIEL BLEU," 20, BOUNDARY ROAD, EASTCOTE, PINNER.**

**MOTHER'S AMBITION "HER OWN HOME" AGAIN**

**£20 plus Victory Surprise :**
J. Warburton, 7, Wilson Street, Warrington, Lancs.
**In The New World—Ahead, Old Thoughtlessness Unthinkable.**

**£10 plus Victory Surprise :**
J. E. Oakes, 88, Hassam Parade, Newcastle, Staffs.
**Life's Ambition—More Wad ? We're Mad !**

**£9 :** W. J. Bolter, 170, Beeches Road, West Bromwich, Staffs.
**To Repay Winston—Without Supporting Supporters, Problem.**

**£8 :** W. G. Sims, Cleddon Cottage, Cleddon, Trellach, Monmouth.
**Victory—But Mother-in-Law Continuing " Coalition " !**

**£7 :** A. Constantine, 16, Owen Street, Winton, Patricroft, Manchester.
**Long Way To Go—*And Come*, Britain's Rations.**

**£6 :** H. Evason, 14, Whitfield Street, Birkenhead.
**Back From The Dead—Apparently—Member's Journey Unnecessary !**

**4 of £5 :**
A. E. Toulmin, 10, St. John Street, Atherton, nr. Manchester.
**Dad's Horse—Had *Night*-shirt On, Apparently !**
Mrs. A. Oswell, 95A, Boughton, Chester.
**" Welcome Home ! " — Everywhere—Member Actually Blushed !**
Mrs. Pollitt, 3, School Road, Hale, Cheshire.
**In The New World—" Big Strides "—Car Each ?**
B. J. Stevenson, 25, Winchester Road, Northwood Hills, Middx.
**" Welcome Home ! " — Said Wife, Parents, Ledgers—**

A list of 10 winners of £3, 20 of £2, 50 of 10s., and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

**14 CHEQUES AND FOUNTAIN PENS WON IN X-WORD 431**

**WINNING WORDS—1. Batting. 2. Kin. 3. Bust. 4. Life. 5. List. 6. Gold. 7. Col. 8. Board. 9. Fun. 10. Yarn. 11. Koo. 12. Fan. 13. List. 14. Knock. 250 SHARERS—Names and addresses of 14 entrants sharing £50 and each receiving Fountain Pen appear in this week's " Crossword Gazette." 74 Runners-up share Award value £25.**

write to JOHN BULL about it

# Social Centres Need Not Kill Home Life

**Thinking in circles. Voting is an expression of personal opinions. Taxpayer can choose his accounting date. New cars for important national work**

"I REALISE THE NEED FOR places where people can get together for dancing, concerts, lectures, discussions, games, and so on, but isn't there a danger that these newly planned social centres will tend to destroy home life?

"As soon as young people have finished their evening meal, they will rush off to the social centres, to be followed later by one or both parents. Home life as our grandparents knew it will soon be a thing of the past. Do you consider this a good thing? Frankly, I don't."

Don't forget that our Victorian ancestors usually had big families in which there was no lack of social activity.

A child who was one of many had a lively time at home. The child of to-day—often an only child or one of two—is liable to miss companionship and is glad to mix with others of his own age

Many houses and flats, too, are so small that the members of the family get in each other's way. They need more space and more opportunities for personal development. The modern mother does not want to be so completely immersed in domestic duties that she has no other interests in life. The community centre will give her the outside contacts that she needs. She will not love her home less for being able to get out of it now and then You are jumping to the conclusion that both parents and children will spend all their time out of the home. There is really no justification for this feeling. A social centre will merely provide recreation when needed.

"A SHORT TIME AGO, when enemy rockets were falling, I swore that once the war in Europe was over I would never worry about anything again. Well, the war is over, but now I find myself worrying about other things.

"I worry about housing, and about what is to happen to hundreds of thousands of men and women when they leave the Services or the factories, and similar social problems.

"I find myself worrying over things like these when I ought to be going to sleep. I wake up in the night and the thoughts keep going round and round in circles and getting nowhere. Is there something wrong with my state of mind?"

I am not going to pretend that all's well with the world or that there is no cause for apprehension. But all the same, I believe there is something wrong with your own attitude.

We are passing through a period of readjustment, and it is a good sign that you are conscious of the fact that there are problems to be tackled and social evils to be conquered. But you can take these problems so much to heart that thinking about them will affect your mental and physical health

This "thinking in circles" that you complain about is a waste of mental energy. You are walking in a treadmill of your own making. It gets you nowhere but it tires you out. What you need is to do some constructive thinking.

Make a list of the things that worry you and cross out all those in which you cannot help. You

will find a few where you can do something useful. Plan what you can do—then go all out and do it. You will find yourself leading an interesting, constructive life, and you won't have any time for " thinking in circles."

"THE COMING General Election has put me in a difficulty. My husband has very concrete ideas on politics. I don't know much about the subject, but I, too, have ideas of my own—and some of them differ considerably from his. He understands economics, so I feel that he ought to know what is best. In fact, I don't know whether to be led by my husband's opinion or to trust my own judgment."

I advise you to trust your own judgment. You are an adult with a mind of your own, and you are entitled to express your opinion through the vote as to how *you* think the country should be run. The day is past when women were not supposed to think and were expected to vote a certain way because their parents or their husbands did so.

In this election a special issue of paper is being made so that candidates can distribute their election addresses to constituents. Each candidate is allowed one ton of paper for the first 40,000 constituents, and five hundredweight for every 10,000 over this number. You will receive these leaflets setting forth the views of the candidates in your area, and there will be plenty of meetings which you can attend. Thus you can discover which candidate seems most likely to represent the views which you hold and so form an opinion independently of your husband.

## X-WORD CASH RADIO PENS

**£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.**

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted — decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

**1. Crowded one isn't good for health—HO□EL. 2. There are people who thoroughly enjoy a violent one—STOR□. 3. If these don't make good show you'd better try another strain—BUL□S. 4. Such a window generally improves look of house—□AY. 5. You need certain amount of judgment to set one properly—PLAN□. 6. Seldom seen in background when they appear in pictures—STA□S. 7. Printer may have cause to regret this getting into paper—□IE. 8. Gale is pretty certain to make the seas—HEAV□. 9. We should see a revival in French these—AR□S. 10. Habitual gambler doesn't make a lot of—□IN. 11. May be a source of power—RIN□. 12. Others look annoyed if such a man enters crowded apartment—□IG. 13. There's a special joint for cutting this off—STEA□. 14. This is not necessarily ground—FLO□R.**

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated July 7 with *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, June 25.**

**ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 435, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

**X-Word No. 431 Result below " Bullets " Winners.**

## Merchant Navy Releases

J. G., Blantyre: The principles upon which those who desire to leave the Merchant Navy may do so have been agreed with the representatives of the owners, the officers and the men. Releases will broadly follow the lines laid down for the other Services, and it is proposed to proceed at an early date.

S. D., Crewe: The Minister of Labour has stated that members of the Forces who are on release to a civilian occupation are liable to recall to the Forces if they become redundant in the work for which they are released. They are not free to seek any employment they wish, but they may be transferred to other work of national importance. In general, men on release who become redundant in their civil employment will not be recalled if they are above the current call-up age.

A. S., Aberdeen : A taxpayer who owns a business can choose his own accounting date provided that he sticks to it consistently from year to year. In the case of a new business, it is usual to make up the first account for one year from the date of opening. The Inspector of Taxes cannot demand certified accounts, but it is usually found advantageous to have them prepared and certified by a professional accountant.

S. L., Norwich : A small allotment of new cars is now being made to persons engaged on work of vital national importance and who cannot carry on that work without a car. The number available will be very limited. Deliveries should begin towards the end of this month, and will be made only against licences issued by the Ministry of War Transport. Existing cars can only be replaced if they are beyond repair.

Applications for licences should be made to the Ministry of War Transport at 2, Fitzmaurice Place, London, W.1, on form V.C.1 (P.C.). Copies can be obtained from that address. Delivery of cars will be made through the normal trade channels at list prices which will be notified by the manufacturers.

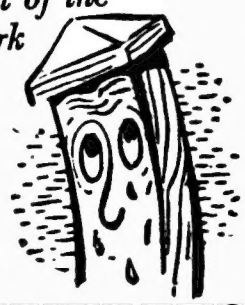
## JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to " Humanist " at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

*The wail of the woodwork*



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*They last longer*

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**SALT**

YEAST VITE

***I Would Very Much Like to Say***

**A FEW WORDS**

C/o G.P.O., London.
March 9th, 1945.

Dear Sirs,

I would very much like to say a few words in praise of Yeast-Vite Tonic tablets. At one time I was subject to colds, toothache, headaches and all the other complaints that are prevalent in these hard times.

And then I was told to try Yeast-Vite Tonic tablets. They were a blessing to me. I no longer feel the way I used to do. Now I feel full of life and health. I feel a new man, and I have only these wonderful tablets to thank for it.

Whenever possible, I tell my friends about Yeast-Vite tablets, so that they, too, may know perfect health. (Sgd.) L. G.

*If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).*
*Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.*

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Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

*In packets 9 for 7d.*

**BOB MARTIN'S**
Condition Powder Tablets
**keep dogs fit**

**RASH CLEARED IN FEW DAYS!**

***states grateful sufferer from Guildford***

*"I am very grateful for the relief which your 'Valderma' has given me. After suffering from an ugly rash on my face and neck for weeks, trying several different remedies, I finally tried your Valderma which, without any delay, completely cleared the rash in a few days. I would, therefore, with confidence recommend it to anyone else."* S.F.G.

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Powerful, yet soothing, Valderma is prescribed by Skin Specialists for many serious skin diseases. Hospital and Laboratory tested; white, non-staining, creamy yet non-greasy, and agreeable to use. Valderma quickly heals cuts and abrasions too.
Get a 2/- jar today. *Double size* 3/6d., including Tax.

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**'ASPRO'**
**Saves Time, Money & Lying up**
**Sleeps Like a Top**

MAURICE ATKINSON, of 13 Furness Park Road, Barrow-in-Furness, writes:—"After a long 'lay-off' from activity 'ASPROS' have done more to steady my nerves than anything, and I have tried hundreds of so-called 'benefits' on the market. I may add that at night I am never without my 'ASPROS'—result is I 'sleep like a top'."

**Welfare Worker Praises 'Aspro'**
H. WITHINGTON, Partington, Cheshire, writes:—"We are constantly asked for 'ASPRO' tablets by our shift workers, who call them the 'WONDER TABLET' for their quick action.

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**Here are a few of the fascinating subjects dealt with: Mystery of life; nature of living material; marvellous framework and mechanism of the human body; power of muscles; how your brain and nerves work; how you breathe; marvels of the bloodstream; how your heart works; how the food you eat becomes part of you; how you see, hear, taste and smell; differences of sex; how your child inherits your characteristics; how heredity affects breeding; glands and what they do; changes in sex; how your mind works; power of emotion; importance of instinct; your will power, mental ability and intelligence; the unconscious mind; self-control; meaning of "Inferiority Complex"; how your habits are formed; overcoming temperament; influence of environment; your conscience; bodily changes in later life; secret of "keeping young."**

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Prices include carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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**RELIEF IN 30 SECONDS**

Hay Fever is a *menace*. Victims should use Nostroline Nasal Remedy regularly throughout the season. Just insert a little "Nostroline" up each nostril. "Nostroline" acts quickly. Gently it soothes irritated itching membranes. Clears head and nose. Relieves in 30 seconds. Doctors recommend it. In tubes 1/5 inc. tax, from all Chemists.

**NOSTROLINE**

FOOD M.F FACTS

# The new Ration Book:

# RE-REGISTER

## as soon as you get yours

When you get your new Ration Book write your address on the front cover, and your name, address and National Registration Number on the front of the Clothing Book which is bound inside it. Remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place until the time comes to use it.

After this you must register afresh with all your retailers (except for milk) even if you wish to remain with your present retailers, as most people will. **You cannot re-register for milk.**

### HOW TO RE-REGISTER

**(1)** On page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name, National Registration Number and address in Section A, and at the top of page 6, your *present* milk retailer's name and address.

**(2)** In the other spaces on page 6, write the names and addresses of the retailers with whom you wish to register. (If you know that your retailer uses a rubber stamp, you can leave this job to him.)

**(3)** On page 8, write your name and address in the spaces against MEAT, EGGS (if you buy them from a retailer), FATS, CHEESE, BACON, SUGAR.

**(4)** Take the Ration Book to each retailer to cut out the proper counterfoils. *Don't cut them out yourself.*

**IMPORTANT — Re-register as soon as you get your new Ration Book. But if you are moving house before July 22nd, wait to re-register in your new area.**

*The Ministry of Food, London, W.1.* *Food Facts No. 256*

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Even though George's 'studio' is the floor, mother doesn't mind. She knows that the germs in dirt are always defeated by the antiseptic lather of

# Lifebuoy

*It's more than a good soap — it's a good habit!*

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**GIVE THANKS BY SAVING**

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*

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*For Quicker, Smoother, Cooler Shaves*

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*Brushless* SHAVE CREAM

IN SHORTER SUPPLY NOW LIKE MOST GOOD THINGS

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

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The man on the rostrum . . . cool . . . precise . . . well-groomed. Every movement, every action he makes is followed by thousands of critical eyes. And that is why he relies on the sharp, enduring edge of his Ever-Ready blade of Corrux steel to give him the smooth, clean shave his appearance demands

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